THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. 112, NO. 16 NEW YORK, MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1945 NUMBER 1585

Military Review

WITH IWO JIMA in American hands and our fleet demonstrating its ability to lie for extended periods off the very shores of Japan, the possibility that the Soviets will join the Eastern struggle has lost some of its significance for the war already in progress out there. Anything our bombers could accomplish from bases in Kamchatka or the Maritime Provinces is already being done from the opposite direction, and Russian naval strength in the East hardly seems equal to the job of throwing open the gates of the Sea of Japan to our fleet or of cutting the Japanese routes across it.

In military terms, Stalin's denunciation of the neutrality treaty is one of the preliminary moves which will set the conditions of the war the Allies as a whole have not yet begun to fight—the war against Manchukuo and the Kwangtung army. In the preliminary, Chinese, phase of that war the enemy is still victorious. The week of April 9, which saw so much Allied progress in so many theatres, also found the Fourteenth Air Force in China abandoning another of its bases and the Japanese army on the mainland advancing to a point where it is an active instead of a latent menace to Chungking itself.

History affords no parallel for the operation in which the Japanese are apparently engaged, of transferring the whole national base of operations from the menaced homeland to a conquered country. But it is in line with Japanese methods throughout, which are not so much those of strategy as of trickery on a monumental scale. Strategy looks constantly at the larger picture; trickery risks everything, as to the long-range development, for the hope of an immediate gain. Pearl Harbor was a trick; a leader thinking in strategic terms would have brought the whole Japanese fleet in on the heels of the bombers. The attempt to drive the American forces from Okinawa, though many of its details are obscured behind censorship and the difficulty of communications, bears all the marks of another trick.

In the light of it, the Japanese failure to oppose our landing on the island appears as at least partly deliberate; they saw no chance of keeping us from the shore, so accepted the landing as a *fait accompli* and made it part of their plan. That plan was to conserve strength and gain time by defending only solidly fortified positions, while all the mobile forces of the empire were brought to bear against our fleet and the necessarily crowded supply areas for our troops ashore. At least one of the planes shot down bore markings indicating that it belonged to a squadron based on Singapore.

In scale and casualties the resulting action bears no poor comparison to the great battles fought off Saipan last June, which were in their turn considerably larger than Midway. Indeed, our loss of three destroyers and damage to "several large ships" is more than we suffered in the Saipan battles. Taken with the announced

CONTENTS

The Week 491

Editorials

Russia in the Far East 495
New Farm Policies 496

General Articles

The Freight-Rate Cartel . . . Ellis Arnall 497
Who Shall Boss the MVA? . . . . . Morris Llewellyn Cooke 498
Before San Francisco . . . Louis Dolivet 500
Ineligible Aliens . . . . Charles Gordon 502
Pacific Suite (verse) . . Vincent McHugh 503
Washington Notes . . . . . T. R. B. 504
The Glass Menagerie . . . . Stark Young 505
Piet Mondrian . . . . . Manny Farber 506
The Bandwagon 507

Correspondence 507

Spring Book Number

The Strategy of Power . . Robert S. Lynd 511
Whole Meaning or Doodle . . Conrad Aiken 512
The PM Mind . . . . Granville Hicks 514
Joyce's Eire . . . . . Richard Watts Jr. 518
The Puritan Fallacy . . . . A. H. Pekelis 520
Angels of Reason . . . . Marjorie Farber 522
Revolution and Stability . Henry W. Ehrmann 522
Greece in Three Parts . Robert Gorham Davis 526
Mozart and His Music . . . Ralph Bates 528
Breaking the Deadlock . . . Irving Brant 531
Mr. Trollope's New Wine . Elizabeth Huling 533

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1945, IN THE U.S.A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49 ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

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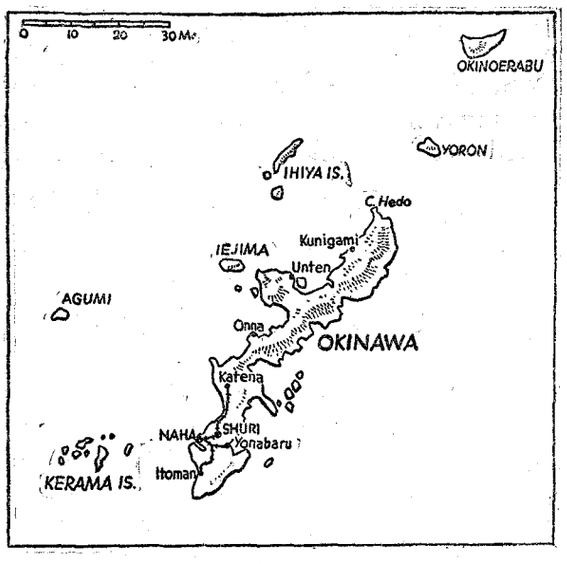
American plane losses of only seven machines, this suggests that the Japs made widespread use of those suicide bombers, mention of whose existence the navy still usually persists in censoring in front dispatches. The Japanese have known ever since the early days of the Philippines that they could damage ships this way, if not sink them, and apparently the plan was for the Yamato and her consorts to make a fast run in and finish off some of the crippled vessels. A month and a half after the October battles, one of the Singapore battleships similarly tried to raid our supply craft off Mindoro, and the Japs have never hesitated to spend a battleship or any other vessel if they could get something more than its equivalent in certain sinkings among our ships. The Okinawa position absolutely requires the support of major units of our navy; the counter-attack against it makes no similar demand upon the Japanese.

Well, they lost their fine new battleship and got little in exchange, which is what frequently happens when strategy becomes stratagem. How much they got for their airplanes is not clear; possibly more than the dispatches have been allowed to say. A New York *Times* correspondent on Okinawa remarked after the action that "naval and military men feel a good deal better about the situation tonight but are prepared for a resumption of Japanese aerial assaults against the beachhead and the shipping off shore," which suggests considerable tenseness. It is even possible that if they could keep up attacks on a similar scale long enough, the Japs might succeed in driving part of our fleet away through mere accumulation of damages that forced ships in for repair.



The First of the Japanese Island

American forces have gained at least one good anchorage at Okinawa and our troops have cleared the whole central part of the island, but the bulk of the Japanese forces have not yet come into action and appear to be concentrated in an intensely fortified area around Naha and south of it, at the southern tip.

But if they had to bring the Singapore squadrons up for this effort, Japanese air power is clearly approaching the status of the Luftwaffe. They will have to think of a new trick—if they can.

There are increasing evidences of disintegration in the German armed forces and also increasing evidences that this disintegration is at the lower levels, with the high command and the SS still unreconciled to the thought of defeat. The number of prisoners taken is greater than ever, but the Nazis appear to have moved some of their still valid formations over from the Oder front to Thuringia, and in one or two places have made counter-attacks. In connection with the enormous difficulties of supplying our armies, this is likely to cause at least a temporary slowing up of the advance, and this may give the Nazis time enough to set up areas of defense where something like major campaigns will have to be fought. But what those areas could be, the scale of the campaigns, or whether such areas can really be set up at all—all these things are not yet visible.

Those Pacific Bases

Admiral Ernest J. King, expressing the attitude of the United States Navy, has declared for permanent possession of its new naval and air bases. Such bases cannot, of course, be left in the hands of the enemy, and as many of them as are necessary for policing the world against future aggression should be kept in full commission. Some propose, however, that they should be held in international trusteeship instead of becoming United States territory, along with mandated and other colonies.

We believe there is a confusion of thought about this matter, the resolution of which will indicate a just and practical solution. The British, the Dutch, the Australians and others all have claims to bases, some of which the United States has been using. They are not likely to allow us to keep any we have not captured from the Japanese. Yet our navy might need to use their bases in another war, just as the ships and planes of other Allied nations might need to use ours. Naval and air bases of any of the United Nations must be a common asset, subject to control by the combined General Staff of the Security Organization. But that does not mean that their territorial status or their direct administration must be internationalized.

There is not likely to be, for a long time to come, a genuine international government capable of exercising the responsibility and power of executive action. Administration can be, and should be, separated from use and supervision. Let each nation retain the bases to which it has a predominant claim. But let all of them be open for use by other members of the Security Organization, and subject to supervision by it.

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Only One Vote for the USA

President Roosevelt acted sensibly in withdrawing the American claim for three votes in the assembly of the new league of nations. There was never any justification for it except the highly dubious argument that the Russians were making the same claim and we ought to be at least as greedy as they are. The President should never have accepted the proposal in the first place; and the long continued secrecy about it made the matter worse. Obviously, the renunciation was accompanied by the fervent hope that Russia would now follow the same course. Nothing has been brought forward since the news of the plan first came to light, to make it seem any more desirable. We hope the Russian delegation will drop the matter before it comes up formally at San Francisco; but if it does come up, we hope the conference will vote it down.

World Economic Coöperation

Secretary of State Stettinius is wisely placing increasing emphasis on the need for world economic agreement to go hand in hand with plans for world political coöperation. In a recent speech to the Council on Foreign Relations, the Secretary pointed out that no kind of world organization will provide security for long if the causes of war, "particularly the economic causes," are permitted to "poison international relations. . . . Economic warfare, depressions, hunger, poverty and despair—these are the conditions that undermine democracy and block its development, that breed tyrants and aggressors and that turn nations against each other. These are the conditions that we must fight to master if any international organization is to succeed in preserving the peace."

Secretary Stettinius has promised that we shall do all in our power to convene a conference of the world's principal trading nations within the next year to consider problems of commerce, and to prepare the way for a permanent trade organization within the framework of the world organization, "to deal with these problems on a continuing basis." On this question at least, Stettinius is leading us in the way that we should go.

Two Kinds of Germans

Reports by war correspondents in Germany give increasing evidence of the deep split between Nazis and anti-Nazis. AMG officials are relying more and more on the help they can get from former members of the Social Democratic, Communist and Catholic Center Parties. The Nazis, on the other hand, have set up a terrorist underground organization known as the "werewolves," which is designed to intimidate their political enemies who work with the Allies. They have, after twelve years of *Gleichschaltung*, again separated party posts and governmental machinery to facilitate their underground work and avoid responsibility if caught. Many of those already in Allied hands declare themselves to be "Communists" in an obvious effort to discredit the real Communists. General Eisenhower has stated that he does not expect an official armistice, and that even after he has declared the war to be at an end, Nazi guerrilla formations and underground terrorists will have to be hunted down before pacification is completed. It should be quite obvious that it is to our advantage to widen the already existing wedge between Nazis and anti-Nazi Germans by supporting the latter. In the long run a Nazi revival can be avoided only if we have friends among the Germans whom we can trust, and who are as interested in exterminating Nazism as we are. It is gratifying to know therefore, that at last German prisoners of war in this country have been permitted to appeal to their comrades in the still Nazi-dominated Wehrmacht to lay down their arms and surrender. Another measure that should be adopted as soon as possible is to facilitate the return to Germany of those political anti-Nazi refugees whose contacts can be of invaluable aid in singling out reliable elements among the German population.

Vindication for Longo

For years, a young man named John Longo has been fighting the Hague machine in Jersey City, New Jersey; and for years, Hague and his henchmen have been persecuting Longo because of this. The whole story has been reported on several occasions in the *New Republic*, the most recent being the article by Willard Wiener ("Longo, Biddle and Hague," August 21, 1944).

In April, 1943, a grand jury indicted Longo on the charge that he had changed his recorded party affiliation on the county voting records from Republican to Democratic, and for this, he was given a sentence of one and a half to three years in prison. Now a new grand jury has blown the case wide open. It says that important evidence was withheld from the previous jury, which would not have indicted if it had known the facts. It criticizes severely the conduct of the judge and prosecuting officials during the trial and says "this whole matter was instigated for political purposes." It adds, sensibly, that even if Longo had been guilty, a rebuke and suspended sentence would have been adequate punishment for the alleged crime, which was on the face of it a completely senseless performance.

This is the best news to come out of Jersey City in many a long day. It gives fresh hope to those who had begun to believe that democratic justice was dead in New Jersey, and had been especially disheartened by the alacrity of the federal government in finding that it could not intervene in the matter against Mayor Hague, President Roosevelt's loyal supporter.

The prosecutor and assistant prosecutor, so severely

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criticized, have responded by filing damage suits for $100,000 each from every man of the 23 members of the grand jury. Since grand juries are generally supposed to be legally exempt from actions of this kind, onlookers were quick to say that this might be an attempt to intimidate the grand jury and prevent it from going on with its investigation, not yet completed.

Whatever the outcome of the damage suits, no one should suppose that Longo's part in the affair is ended. The Hague machine is still fighting hard, and the action of the grand jury does not invalidate the prison sentence hanging over Longo. An appeal will be taken to the highest possible New Jersey court, the Court of Errors and Appeals. The record is extremely voluminous, the appeal is expensive, and Longo has no funds. Send your contribution for this vindication of Americanism to the Reverend George G. Hollingshead, Treasurer, Longo Defense Committee, 574 Jersey Avenue, Jersey City 2, New Jersey.

The German Cartel Danger

The State Department is to be congratulated for its forthright revelation of secret Nazi plans to maintain German control of international cartels through the establishment of dummy corporations, patent registration and scientific research in foreign countries. The statement is the more praiseworthy as it comes from a State Department whose top layer of officials has at times been severely criticized by liberals because of its conservative political and economic views. However, the statement does not go so far as it could. Nothing is said, for instance, about those American and British capitalist interests which in the past have conspired with German cartels, and which are seeking to preserve the prewar international cartel arrangements in which German industries played such a prominent part.

Moreover, the statement does not indicate what curative or preventive steps the United States Government proposes to take if it is serious about eliminating the danger of German re-infiltration into the international cartel system. Both the socialization of the German economy in the interest of the European peoples and strict inter-governmental control of international cartels, including German industries, come to mind. To be avoided at all cost is the control of German industries by American and British monopolistic interests.

From Byrnes to Vinson

Although War Mobilizer Byrnes had long made it clear that he did not intend to stay on to boss the reconversion program, his resignation came as a surprise to Washington. "I think V-E Day is not far distant," Byrnes said, explaining to his staff that if he were to remain longer he would get in the way of his successor, who will have to prepare for and direct reconversion. The appointment of Judge Fred Vinson to succeed Byrnes was no surprise, for Vinson almost became War Mobilization Director last fall when Byrnes tried to quit. But the timing was dramatic, since Vinson's unanimous confirmation as Federal Loan Administrator had come considerably less than a month before.

Now Vinson has been unanimously confirmed again, with a show of almost unparalleled popularity on Capitol Hill. He made it clear to the Senate Finance Committee members who questioned him before approval that he intended to be the boss in his new job, and that he would be most concerned with handling reconversion so as to maintain "reasonably" full employment levels immediately following V-E Day and for several years after. The conservative Republicans on the Committee feel that Vinson will give private business every chance to supply the necessary jobs before resorting to public works or other forms of government employment guarantees. Wage and price administrators believe that Vinson is of their mind as to postwar control, is eager to dispose of them at the earliest possible time, but is more fearful of the results of removing them too soon than too late.

Judge Vinson is a reasonably good choice for the reconversion job. He will steer the same general course followed by Byrnes but with greater understanding of the tricky currents that lie ahead.

A New Loan Administrator

Few jobs in Washington are more important than the one Judge Fred Vinson is vacating to become War Mobilization Director. The man who is Federal Loan Administrator can influence the whole shape of our postwar economy by his use of the lending powers in his hands, by his policies on disposal of surplus plant capacity and by his decisions on industrial expansion. The job requires, as the Washington *Post* has put it, "a practical outlook not limited to conventional banking concepts and at the same time the kind of vision that is rooted in realism."

There are, of course, the usual crop of Washington rumors as to Vinson's successor, but no direct word or hint had come from the President by April 9 as to his intentions. Among those prominently mentioned who, we think, could do the job are Harold Smith, Budget Director, Clifford Durr, Federal Communications Commissioner and former counsel for the Defense Plants Corporation, and Marriner Eccles, Federal Reserve Board chairman. Smith is said to prefer his present job and to hope that instead of sending up his name the President will nominate someone like Durr, a Southerner who understands the necessity of continued industrial expansion of the South and the West, and the role of the Federal Loan Administration in achieving it.

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Russia in the Far East

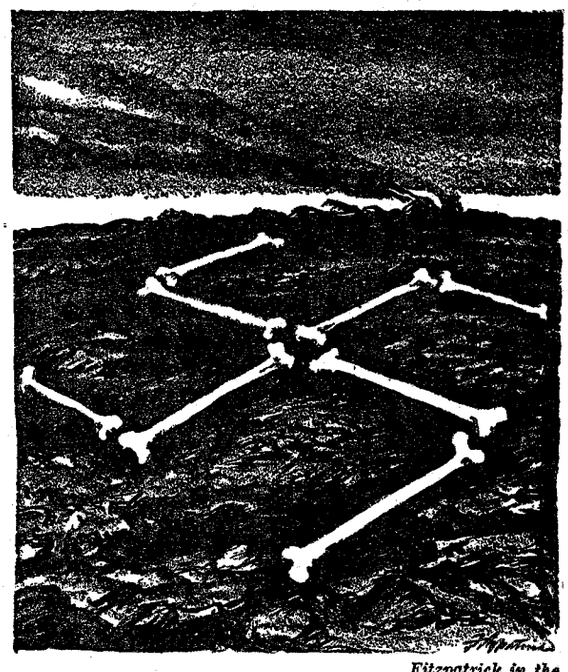
THE DENUNCIATION by the Soviet Union of the neutrality treaty with Japan has been discussed by many as if it were a sudden and happy inspiration, adopted to offset somewhat the unfavorable impression created by Russia's demand for three votes in the assembly of the international security organization and her insistence on representation of the Lublin Polish government at San Francisco. That it had this effect is undeniable, but nothing could be more absurd than to suppose that so important a step, which may have such grave consequences, was not planned long ago and is not a coherent part of the largest of strategies.

We mean by this not merely that the move, with whatever is to follow it, was probably discussed and agreed upon by the Big Three at Yalta, if not before. Russia and Japan have long been not only neighbors but rivals. The Russo-Japanese war, a contest between competing imperialisms, decided nothing except to give Japan a boost up the ladder of her boundless designs of conquest. The Soviet government, though renouncing the territorial ambitions of its Czarist predecessor, always knew what it had to fear in the East from Japanese aggression, and always expected that some day it would have to fight. A great undeclared war actually took place along its Mongolian borders before the European war broke out—a conflict which apparently convinced the Japanese that they had a tough customer to deal with and had better dispose of their other enemies first.

This conclusion was what lay behind the Japanese desire for the neutrality pact when it was signed four years ago. Those in charge of Soviet policy must have known this; they are not noted either for their naïveté or for their lack of suspicion. Why, then, did they assent to the suggestion? Obviously they expected to be attacked in the West, and needed time themselves. They had no more desire for a two-front war against major enemies than had the Japanese. Inevitable as they believed the eventual clash with Japan to be, they had always tried to postpone it until the most favorable possible circumstances should arise.

Nothing could have been sillier than the proddings of Russia by isolationists in the United States who kept asking why she was not helping us in the Far East while she was carrying the main burden of the war with Germany, and kept trying to arouse distrust of the Soviet government by predictions that it would stand aside to the end. If it was to the interest of Russia that she be enabled to throw her full strength into the European conflict, it was also to the interest of Britain and the United States; this fact was recognized by the British and American governments and was repeatedly stated. We need not violate the military censorship by speculating about what Russia will do in the Far East now that Germany is *hors de combat;* such speculations may be left to the Japanese. But it is clear that Russia has never been unconcerned about protecting herself against actual or potential Japanese aggression, and that what she wants is not merely to stave off any attacks of the moment but to put a permanent end to the menace. The least she will need will be a voice in the Asiatic settlement, and she could not have this so long as she remained technically a neutral.

Another aspect of the situation which may come to have great significance is the effect of what Russia has already done, and of what she may do in the future, on the split in China between the Chungking government and the Chinese Communists. The latter, in spite of their hold on the populations where they are established and their effectiveness in dealing with the Japanese invaders, have been isolated and without outside help. American pressure has failed to bring about an agreement between the factions so that the full Chinese potential could be thrown against the enemy. Not since Stalin came to power has it been Russian Communist policy to stir up internal conflict in China, and it may be taken for granted that the Soviet government will not now intervene directly for narrow political ends. But if, following the denunciation of the neutrality pact, Russian aid is extended to Chinese arms in the war against Japan, it may also be taken for granted that Russia will give that aid to those who will use it against her enemy, and not to those who will use it to suppress the Chinese Communists and hinder their fight against Japan. This could not fail to have important effects on the balance of power in China's internal rift.



Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

To the Bitter End?

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New Farm Policies

TEN MILLION BALES of cotton now stuffing Southern warehouses provide obvious evidence that sometime soon a major shift in national farm policy will have to take place. This issue, not yet a topic on the floors of Congress but already a lively subject in agricultural circles, has been fanned by the widespread circulation of a land-grant-college committee report in which nineteen agricultural-college professors and executives come out for a downward revision of postwar farm-price guarantees and for a postwar agricultural policy free from directing price-propping. Soon after the report was made public, Secretary Wickard, before the Pace Committee, followed up with a "Reconversion Program for the Cotton South" that is basically similar and equally revolutionary in its implications.

In the early days of the New Deal, a parity price index was established as a general guide for the crop-restriction programs; but as increased yields offset the attempts to reduce farm output, direct price-jacking measures like crop loans and purchases were used to force prices toward the parity goals. The capstone to these devices was given in the so-called Steagall amendments of 1941 and 1942 which guarantee the prices of nearly all farm products at 90 percent of parity (92½ percent for cotton) for a period up to three years after the end of hostilities. If present price supports are adhered to after the war, swamping surpluses of some commodities are bound to occur. Near-parity prices are now an especially strong incentive for expanding production because advances in efficiency have materially lowered costs of production since 1910-14, which is the base period for calculating most parity prices. Furthermore, farm production has reached record levels during the war in spite of shortages in fertilizer, machinery and labor. The postwar danger is not that there will be abundance, but that the abundance will not be geared to consumption needs. In the case of wheat, for example, Secretary Wickard has said it was widely known before the war "that the rising level of supply eventually would bring a day when the dam would burst," and the "reprieve brought by the war will not last indefinitely." In the case of cotton, even wartime demands have not prevented surpluses from mounting.

It is also becoming apparent that price-fixing is making it ever more difficult to achieve a real solution. Not only do overextended price guarantees encourage production in areas that ought to be guided to better alternatives, but they also cut markets out from under producers by reducing domestic consumption and foreign-market outlets and by stimulating the substitution of synthetic products. The net result of course is that the unwanted surpluses will pile up in the government's lap. These consequences become even more chaotic and even less defensible when the government is restricted, as it has been, as to the price at which it can release its holdings into consumption channels and is barred from shifting farm production to new lines.

What are the alternatives? Only a preliminary sketch has so far been given, but the general lines of approach seem to be as hopeful as they are courageous. The new policies under consideration have three main threads. First is the expansion of outlets for farm products which means full employment, nutrition programs for low-income families and two-way participation in world trade. Second is equality of opportunity for farm people. This involves primarily federal aids for the improvement of rural educational facilities; it also includes social security for farm people, health programs and medical care, rural electrification and other programs to raise rural living standards and to assure farm children equal opportunity with the rest of the population. Third, the new policy must provide for positive inducements to fundamental readjustments in agriculture: more water, larger farm units, better tenure conditions, new conservation practices in some areas; less agriculture, rural industrialization in others.

As Secretary Wickard said about his proposal for the cotton South. "The situation is too grave for any easy solution"; the new suggestions will require a tremendous undertaking, but they offer "the best possibility for a permanent self-sustaining farm population in the South." It is not too much to expect that a workable procedure mapped out for cotton land may set a new pattern for national agricultural programs. One advantage we can see in this prospect is that it may help to alleviate the growing farm-labor cleavage which becomes abnormally accentuated when the farm objectives are specified prices for every farm product. As long as the halls of Congress become the rostrum for debating higher wage rates v. higher farm prices, the possibilities of national unity seem remote. If attention can instead be centered on working conditions, security and living levels both on the farm and in the factory, we may more easily achieve agreement on how to attain an economy of balanced abundance.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Freight-Rate Cartel

ONE OF THE PRIMARY CAUSES of economic distress in the South, and the major obstacle to orderly development of both Southern and Western industry, is the freight-rate tariff wall erected to bar the products of these sections from the market.

It is true that this discrimination against the South, and others of a parallel nature, often have been the excuses presented for conditions with which they are only very remotely connected. It is also true that there have been conservative elements in the South and the West who have sought to prevent effective action to eliminate these discriminations. This opposition was attributable in part to their concern for certain agricultural commodities; it was also attributable to a subservience to financial interests in other sections of the country.

The recent decision of the United States Supreme Court (Georgia v. Pennsylvania Railroad *et al.*), opening that tribunal to the state of Georgia for the trial of a suit seeking to end monopolistic methods on the part of the great transportation companies, might be said to be directed at the freight-rate discriminations. If that were its only objective, it would be sufficient for one who has seen the industry of the South handicapped almost irremediably by the exclusion of its manufactures from favorable markets and by the effective limitation of its industrial production to unfinished heavy goods.

The freight rates now in effect preclude even the manufacture of the finer cotton textiles in the South, so that Georgia, for all its cotton mills, has not a single fine-goods bleachery. At the same time, the commodity rates on raw materials moving from the South are so fixed as to offer a subsidy to manufacturers in "official" territory, especially in parts of New England where obsolete plants might have to be refitted or junked, if they did not enjoy an effective subsidy on their raw materials and a domestic tariff to protect their goods from the competition of those from more efficient industrial establishments.

Indeed, the pending Georgia suit cites numerous comparative rates on approximately identical mileage from Georgia points and from Eastern points to market. On work clothing, Macon, Georgia, has a rate of 39 percent above Philadelphia in trying to reach the Midwest. On shoes, the rate to Chicago from Atlanta (728 miles) is almost identical with that from Boston (977 miles). The first-class rate from Atlanta to Youngstown, Ohio, is $2.13 a hundred-weight while that from Manchester, Massachusetts, to Columbus, Ohio, is $1.52, although the distances are identical. Most schedules are based upon first-class rates, so that the differential accompanies all products except a few commodities.

But it is not against high rates, even unjustly high rates, that the Georgia suit makes its complaint. The discriminations are cited; the lower cost of rail operations in the South and most of the West is cited. But Georgia's attack is against the system of non-competitive rate-making. The view that Georgia presented, and which a majority of the United States Supreme Court accepted in taking jurisdiction, is set out in the brief filed on behalf of the state:

> The schedules of rates are mere manifestations of a conspiracy in restraint of trade which has operated, and continues to operate, to the harm . . . of the state and the citizens of Georgia. . . . Until the conspiracy is ended, the corrosion of new schedules, established by the collusive power of the defendant carriers acting in concert, would frustrate any action to be taken by administrative process to redress the grievances from which the state of Georgia suffers.

It is against a monopolistic conspiracy that Georgia has taken action. The suit accuses 12 great rail lines in "Official" territory and 8 major lines in "Southern" territory of operating through an intricate bureaucracy, composed of more than 60 rate bureaus, committees, conferences, associations and rate-fixing agencies, which juggle freight rates to the disadvantage of the Southern and Western states.

Redress through the Interstate Commerce Commission has been limited and tardy. The Class Rate Case, brought by the Southern Governors' Conference and joined in by some of the Western states, has been pending for years. Many thousands of pages of testimony fill the records. Unless, as is now quite possible, the Supreme Court's action in receiving the Georgia case acts as a spur, a decision may yet be some years away. Even if the ICC decision proved favorable, the new rates would be fixed by secret agreements between the rail lines and submitted to be approved or rejected. The 60 bureaus and their infinity of bureaucrats employed by the rail lines would have their innings first.

Competitive rate-making is the only practical alternative to public rate-fixing upon a uniform basis. How the latter can be achieved without the complete unification of the nation's rail lines is not easily apparent.

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There has been a vigorous assault upon the position taken by the state of Georgia in the freight-rate suit. It comes from those who object violently to making an economic question a matter of judicial adjudication or legislative action. Economic liberty, however, is inseparable from other forms of liberty. Doubtless that was what was in Jefferson's mind when he proposed "freedom from monopolies" as one of the basic civil rights. That the Bill of Rights did not carry his suggested provision is lamentable, for monopolistic practices have resulted in a grave centralization of industry, in the exploiting of large sections of our country and the wasting of their natural resources, and in the pauperizing of entire classes of citizens.

The elimination of monopolies, whether erected through misuse of patent rights, cartels and conspiracies, unfair business practices or other means, is one of the first obligations of our government to the people when the war ends. Otherwise the distortions of our economic life will be aggravated, the processes of centralization will be accelerated instead of reversed, and eventual economic disaster will overtake many Americans.

Domestic free trade is an essential for postwar America. It is unthinkable that the great industrial establishments, built during the war in the South and in even more impressive numbers along the Pacific Coast, shall be junked. It is equally imperative that their products be allowed to go to the national and the world market. They must not be strangled by unfair juggling of transportation rates upon their products. The use of all our facilities of production is not a sectional issue. Only by increased consumption can increased production be achieved. Sixty million workers cannot sell their products, agricultural or industrial, within the limited confines of "Official" territory. The national standard of living cannot be raised until the Southern and Western regions of the United States cease to be treated as colonies for exploitation by monopolists.

The broad language of the decision handed down by the Supreme Court in Georgia's freight-rate suit is encouraging to those of us in the South who foresee a postwar period of expansion for every section of our country, with full employment, an abundance of goods at fair prices and a higher income level for all groups of citizens.

Personally, I am deeply gratified with the decision for yet another reason. Much has been said in the past, and a great deal of it was said by Southern leaders, about "states' rights." There is no lack of such rights. The states possess enormous powers, that they could and should use for the benefit of their citizens. But these rights have not been exercised freely in the past; rather they have been used as an excuse for inaction. More lately "states' rights" have degenerated into a shibboleth of the reactionary.

The survival of any governmental unit depends upon its utility. The Georgia suit has demonstrated that, if the states care to take action on behalf of their citizens, there are avenues open to them. The states can serve as usefully in 1945 as in 1789, if the people choose to make use of them. ELLIS ARNALL

Who Shall Boss the MVA?

THE BILL introduced by Senator Murray calling for the creation of a Missouri Valley Authority has entered upon its six months' review. The whole period has been divided into three equal parts among the Commerce Committee, which, starting April 16, will consider the flood-control and navigation features; the Reclamation Committee, which will explore how irrigation is to be affected, and finally the Agriculture Committee, which will take testimony on the agricultural phases. These last hearings may well include testimony on the over-all picture inherent in legislation creating an autonomous regional agency designed to develop, and in so doing safeguard, a vast complex of natural resources including people.

There will be much marching and counter-marching of the business and political forces invariably brought into action when forward steps in our democratic progress are proposed. The railroads will disparage the legislation because it provides for the development of water transportation, ignoring the fact that regionalism, with its promised industrial development, will add immeasurably to the freight to be transported by land. Spokesmen for the arid and semi-arid states will beat their breasts and protest that claims to water based on prior use are threatened, when as a matter of fact the dry states, through soil and water conservation, will be much better off than before. Contractors can be depended on to put up a howl at the thought that any change threatens time-honored understandings. The Army Engineer Corps, with its powerful lobby, will man the barricades lest pleasant peacetime occupations be interfered with. This is a type of sound and fury with which both legislators and the public are familiar. The big issue lies quite outside this area.

Administrative Washington is beginning to surmise that the outstanding, and now generally admitted, success of the Tennessee Valley Authority, based as it is on an uncompromising type of decentralization in government, may increasingly play hob with some long-standing and highly favored bureaucratic interests. Both friends and foes of the Roosevelt regime recognize that the increasing centralization of all govern-

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ment authority has become so cumbersome that at many points it is precluding effective action—and in some administrative areas any action at all. The question is asked as to what will happen when the wartime urge to make the best of what we have no longer operates. For those looking only for good government and with no bureaucratic interests to protect, the TVA experience seems altogether like an answer to prayer. So the cry, "Let's have more regional autonomy and authority," is likely to swell into quite a chorus. Among the administrators, almost to the top, there is now painful soul-searching in an effort to decide what position to take in this struggle between centralization and decentralization.

The situation of the Department of the Interior with so many of its activities—Indians, grazing, reclamation and others—operating throughout considerable sections of the Missouri Valley, is peculiarly difficult. Gossip has it that Secretary Ickes will meet this by coming out boldly and unequivocally for regional authorities and even for the Murray-Cochran bill *if* it is amended in two respects. He is said to want a single administrator, rather than three, and to have this single administrator report to the Secretary of the Interior. Of course, if these changes were to be made, the necessary readjustments in the organization of Interior's bureaus could be made conveniently, to say the least. But it would put us back just where we were before TVA days. Centralized and entrenched bureaucracy would once again ride high. Further, if Ickes has his way in this respect, the leadership of the Department of Agriculture in such matters as forestry and soil conservation will pass to Interior. Likewise the recent shotgun marriage between the Army Engineers and Reclamation will be annulled without even the necessity for alimony.

The TVA is actually, as well as theoretically, an autonomous regional authority. It carries out the instructions of Congress, reporting to Congress, and on the Executive side, to the President. General policies have been established by Congress and approved by the President in the original TVA Act and in subsequent amendments. They are implemented and ratified in annual appropriation bills. But the management decisions through which these policies are carried out are reached in the Valley, not in Washington.

Those who, like the Secretary of the Interior, fear the removal from Washington of such management decisions and who would like to see the TVA and other regional agencies placed in an old-line department, argue that to have independent agencies reporting directly to the President creates an intolerable burden on the Chief Executive. Actually the TVA's history shows that such fears are founded on illusion. Rumor has it that since 1941 there has been no conferring with the President as to TVA affairs. The Board has the authority given to it by Congress and has acted on this responsibility to the satisfaction of Congress, the President and the people of the Valley. This is a development of the greatest importance in the science of government.

The decentralization has worked in practice and, more than that, it conforms to the tenets of modern management. The idea that the top initiates all action is dead as a dodo. As our civilian institutions emerge from the pall cast over them by our long military history, more and more authority becomes something that stems from a functional responsibility. More and more those who are nearest to the facts should make the decisions. In this sense authority resides at every level —even at the lowest.

Once this point of view and system is established and recognized, some decisions are made at the crossroads. Everybody from the bottom to the top knows his responsibilities and out of these grow his authority. This brings into play what Frederick W. Taylor called the "Exception Principle" under which, as we approach the top, routine is more and more avoided and time reserved for the unusual and unexpected. Further, it does away with the necessity for coördinators, expediters and liaison officials—classifications unknown in scientific management. Given the idea that responsibility begets its own authority, such functions become unnecessary. In the last bureaucratic organization chart I have seen there seemed to be an even balance between coördinators and other types of officialdom.

The moment you place a regional authority such as an MVA under the direction of a cabinet officer, it forces the latter, even against his wishes, to entertain protests of one kind or another from those disgruntled with action in the field. The pall of polities and pull operating at a distance takes the place of action in the field by those close to the facts. It is this situation which is undermining the confidence of our people in the good intentions and the effectiveness of government. The growing volume of government and the increasing centralization simply make matters worse.

There is rarely any trouble in getting government officers in the field to coöperate, no matter how much their bosses in Washington may be at loggerheads. Being near the job to be done somehow brings reality into play.

Action on the MVA bill will decide whether the United States Government is going to go ahead with the development of decentralization techniques or is to face the increasing complexities of centralization. In effective resource development you cannot have both centralization and decentralization. And apparently the future of the nation and the world depend on effective resource development. Therefore, in my opinion, further centralization as contemplated by the Ickes program will act as a hazard to freedom and the democratic institutions of self-government.

MORRIS LLEWELLYN COOKE

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Before San Francisco

ANYONE WHO FOLLOWED for many years, as this writer did, most of the meetings of the Council and the Assembly of the League of Nations, has learned to value the importance of the locality in which an international gathering takes place. Of course, the primary factors which determine the attitude of each national delegation are the government, the political and parliamentary situation and the trends of public opinion at home. But there is always a certain leeway between the maximum which each one will ask and the minimum for which he will settle, which is decided by the delegates themselves. And then there are new problems and situations which are the outgrowth of almost every international meeting where the personal attitude of the delegate, his acceptance or rejection, his coöperative or non-coöperative mood, his psychological attitude, are very important, if not decisive, factors. These personal attitudes are being determined by what used to be called, in Geneva, *l'ambiance*—the atmosphere of the meeting; the city in which it is held is part of that atmosphere.

That is why this writer visited San Francisco in advance, in order to try to figure out the reactions of the various delegates, from the moment they arrive. . . . The first over-all impression will undoubtedly be very good. San Francisco is a beautiful and dynamic city. It conveys an impression of intense activity; one feels the war nearer than almost anywhere else in the United States. Battleships at the piers, the uninterrupted activity of the war plants, the "Henry Kaiser miracle," the very fact of the crowdedness, not by tourists but by war-workers, marines and soldiers, will make a deep impression on the delegates and will help them to realize the gigantic effort which lies behind the American war production. True, many of them will compare San Francisco to Le Havre, Leningrad, Rotterdam and Antwerp; while they may envy the undamaged buildings, at least they will not have before them a lazy city, but one fully in the war. San Francisco's friendly atmosphere is well suited to the conference. The Opera, the Veterans' Building and the Civic Auditorium are well suited to house the offices and the meetings of the first general gathering of the United Nations.

The main advantages which Geneva had in its resort-like quietness and splendid technical facilities for international meetings created during twenty years are overbalanced by San Francisco's humming activity, its passionate interest in the war and in the outcome of the conference. Geneva was neutral and cool toward the meetings and the delegates were regarded more as tourists than statesmen deciding the fate of the world—something like the attitude of the inhabitants of Monte Carlo toward the gamblers at the Casino. San Francisco doesn't want any tourists. At least, not at this moment. It is neither neutral nor cool. For a few months, the fear of invasion and, perhaps, occupation was very real to San Franciscans and the delegates may discover in their eyes at least the beginnings of feelings similar to those they have themselves experienced.

So far, so good. But then, still trying to anticipate the reactions of the delegates, I bought all the local papers, as they will undoubtedly do every day during the conference. Reading the papers, the impression was not so good. The paper which undoubtedly will be *en vogue* at the conference is the *Chronicle*, the Pacific Coast counterpart of the New York *Herald Tribune*. On the whole, its international policy—and that is all that concerns us here—is serious and pro-international coöperation. But it is not a militant paper in favor of the new forces and social conceptions which have emerged from this war in many part of the world and particularly in Europe. The *Chronicle* is indispensable to the conference because of its high journalistic value, but it could stand a more positive counterpart, particularly since the only other papers of general circulation are the Scripps-Howard *News*, with Scripps-Howard good reporting but ultra-conservative views, and the *Examiner* and the *Call-Bulletin*, both Hearst papers, of which nothing more need be said. The decision of the New York *Post* to publish a 16-page edition for the delegates is, therefore, a happy one and it is to be hoped that other New York publishers will follow the example. The more, the better. One doesn't realize without having lived through many international gatherings how much a delegate is helped to make up his mind by reading his first newspaper in the morning. Undoubtedly, the local newspapers will be extremely courteous to the Allies, but the conference needs a genuine understanding of international problems, a thorough knowledge of the new European set-up, a passion for and a belief in world organization.

The situation in radio is a little better because of the excellent facilities of the major networks, but there, too, a great effort will be necessary to convince the delegates that the people of the United States are overwhelmingly behind world organization and collective security. On the debit side, also, the delegates will hear about some of the racial prejudices existing in small but loud-voiced sectors in San Francisco. They will hear of the Negro "invasion," the "Jewish problem" and of similar prejudices. They will be surprised to see how many of the effects of fascism are surviving even in this greatest democracy at the very moment when its disastrous effects on our civilization are so

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visible. Normally, these things would not be more important than any other similar local situation, but during the conference, San Francisco will be the center of the world. Each one of its papers, radio stations and inhabitants will assume worldwide importance; each will contribute to a favorable or unfavorable atmosphere and thus implement or endanger the principles for which this war allegedly has been fought.

Of course, the population of San Francisco constitutes only a small part of that American and world public opinion whose constant support is indispensable if the United Nations assembly is to succeed in establishing a permanent machinery for world coöperation. That is where the function of private organizations begins. We hope that all facilities will be granted them by the State Department to attend the Conference because they are vital elements in the success of the new international organization. The old League of Nations in Geneva almost completely neglected public opinion, and paid, as we know now, a very high price for it. No international organization can live in an ivory tower. It cannot live if public opinion all over the world is not kept completely informed about its activities, problems and difficulties. It cannot survive a crisis if public opinion is not ready to make every effort to help overcome it.

The major problem, as far as the relationship of public opinion and the new world organization is concerned, is to create in the minds of the majority of the people a specific loyalty toward world organization as a complement to national loyalty. Let us put it this way: When a normally educated citizen hears about difficulties his national government is encountering, he suffers from it and tries to do his best to help solve the difficulty. It is only when the same citizen comes to feel about the weaknesses of world organization a similar urgency or distress, that international coöperation will be on a solid foundation and less dependent on the personal attitudes of the members of the various governments. This specific international loyalty does not need in any way to be opposed to a normal patriotic or national feeling—it is merely an extension of the latter. In this shrinking world of ours more and more people have learned to realize that the most ardent patriotism is not sufficient to preserve the peace or the independence of one's country, and a vast majority is ready for this combined "national-international" loyalty. However, that readiness will become a concrete political factor only through effective organizations working toward a world consciousness.

Just as national political parties fulfill an indispensable role of liaison between the government and public opinion, there must be, now that we are entering the phase of inter-government, similar machinery for enabling international public opinion to support, criticize, control and help develop the functions of the international organization. The best way to achieve this would have been to adopt a suggestion that was often made in Geneva but never put into effect, namely, to have among the members of each national delegation some delegates elected directly by popular vote for the specific function of representing a given people in the international organization. It is quite evident that the normal electee has a hundred domestic and local interests to defend. In most cases his international views have played a very small part in the success of his campaign. The international organization needs people who are aggressively devoted to the task of international coöperation. In other words, we have to readapt our electoral systems in the United Nations to a situation which results from an interdependent world in which international problems have become of tremendous importance. But, of course, it was difficult to apply such a method at San Francisco because most of the countries were unable to hold even a national election on account of the war. In the future, the movement for the direct popular election of delegates to the international organization will gain in strength and will radically transform many traditional electoral concepts.

Another method, too, which was often discussed in Geneva was to organize a popular assembly representing various sections of public opinion of the member countries to meet in parallel sessions with the representatives of the governments, submitting to them resolutions and suggestions, drawing attention to shortcomings, etc. For example, under this system, unions, chambers of commerce, religious and peace organizations, cultural and technical associations would have elected representatives to an annual World Congress of Public Opinion coöperating with the inter-governmental machinery. A small beginning in this direction was made by creating a committee of the "great international associations" which also coöperated with the Secretariat of the League. But this did not amount to very much in practical terms. Now the time has come to avoid the mistakes of Geneva and to facilitate the direct contact between public opinion and the world organization as a whole. Unfortunately, under present circumstances, most of the private organizations of the various United Nations will not be able to be present in San Francisco. Therefore, the immense task falls upon American organizations, from women's clubs to trade unions, Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs, Chambers of Commerce, pro-United Nations associations of all kinds, to act not only for America but for world opinion as a whole.

Many members of the delegations of the various governments to San Francisco have learned to understand the importance of private organizations. They have themselves been at the head of little international committees which have grown to gigantic proportions in the underground. They will support every initiative to organize the direct representation of public opinion

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at the new world organization. The best method would be to call, in the middle of May, a general conference of all American and international private organizations to discuss the problems before the San Francisco Conference, the functions of the new General Secretariat of the United Nations and the organization of a permanent international public-opinion movement functioning as a parallel institution to the official United Nations organization. Even if this is not done at San Francisco, it is to be hoped that at least every responsible organization, however small, will do its utmost to be represented. In order to fight effectively for world organization, we must first of all understand its functioning. If this is really to be the "Century of the Common Man" the people must request, and the governments of the United Nations must grant, facilities for personal and direct contacts between public opinion and the world organization in the making.

San Francisco LOUIS DOLIVET

Ineligible Aliens

IN A RECENT LETTER to the chairman of the House Immigration Committee, President Roosevelt asked the enactment of legislation to permit the East Indians to enter this country and become citizens. The President said he believed the setting up of an Indian immigration quota would "help us win the war and establish a secure peace."

An obvious injustice in our naturalization laws was thus pointed out. These laws now forbid immigration or naturalization to Filipinos, Afghans, Indians, Japanese, Koreans, Malays, inhabitants of Thailand and all natives of the Pacific Islands except Hawaii, which is of course part of the United States. The President's proposal with regard to the Indians would alter this situation only slightly, but would be a definite step in the right direction.

Admitting the Indians would be a logical extension of the policy initiated last year with the repeal of the Chinese Exclusion Act. We now permit Chinese to enter the United States under a quota of 105 per year and to become eligible for citizenship through standard naturalization procedure. This act was repealed only after years of agitation by liberals and under the pressure of wartime necessity. It should be pointed out that the modification brought about by the law has had little practical effect. There are 77,500 persons of the Chinese race already in the United States, and all children born in this country of whatever parentage are automatically entitled to citizenship. The addition of 105 persons annually could not affect this situation in any material way.

If all those peoples now barred were put under the present quota law and admitted to the United States as Europeans are, the entire number allowed to enter per year would be only a few hundreds. They could not possibly have any effect on the make-up of a country of nearly 140 million. The physical results would be negligible; the moral results would be enormous. We should make friends of hundreds of millions of people in the Orient who are, as any anthropologist will certify, potentially just as good as we are in every respect, and who now suffer from a gratuitous insult written into our law.

To those Orientals who are already resident in the United States, the denial of citizenship is, however, more than an unimportant gesture, since they are severely handicapped by their official status, or lack of it. They can obtain no American passports and no diplomatic protection while traveling abroad. If one of them leaves the country, he may be unable to return, or he may experience great difficulty in doing so. Several professions and trades are forbidden to the alien. In time of war, he is usually prohibited from having a war contract. In certain states, aliens ineligible to citizenship are forbidden to own land. Such laws are widely circumvented by the device of fictitious ownership in the name of some white person, obviously an unhealthy state of affairs.

Examination of the laws of 35 leading countries throughout the world shows that, with one exception, the United States stands alone in discriminating against certain races in regard to citizenship. The one exception is Germany, whose infamous Nuremberg laws are based on the same assumption of racial superiority and inferiority that prevails in Washington, D. C.

It is high time that we ended this indefensible racial discrimination in our naturalization laws. Congress has indicated that it would be favorably disposed toward such legislation by its repeal of the Chinese Exclusion Act. Fourteen bills to modify the racial ban already have been introduced in the present Congress: five favor the Filipinos, seven the people of India and two the Koreans.

There will be those who will say that because of the problem of the Japanese, this matter should be left over until after the war. But in fact, it would be simple, if we wanted to do so, to accept all other races and leave out the Japanese for the present. Or, we could repeal the racist restriction entirely and hold up the application to the Japanese until after the war. If the Japanese ever came in on the same basis as everybody else, their yearly quota would be restricted to a few dozen people; very few Japanese entered the United States in 1920, the year taken as a base for determining this matter. As in the case of the Chinese, the total number of immigrants would be negligible compared to an existing population of Japanese race in the United States of 127,000.

As a matter of fact, the modification of our naturalization laws is a war measure, which should not be postponed until hostilities have ceased. The closer we get to Tokyo and the final assault on Japan, the more

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urgently we need the help and friendship of the Filipinos, the Koreans, the people of India, where the Burma campaign is based, the people of the South Sea islands, where a quarter of a million bypassed Japanese are still holding out. The time for our gesture of conciliation and friendship is now. Taken at once, it would have an electrifying effect around the world. It would prove that we are really doing what we say we are—fighting for democracy, equality and the rights of plain people everywhere.

CHARLES GORDON

Pacific Suite

E te ua, matavai roa a Hiro e . . .
(O rain, long teardrops of Hiro . . .)

1

Inquiry of fishes at my watch face
the numerals wavering underwater the dark
on my scoured eyes lying parallel to the sun
like a man sleeping with a newspaper over his face
in the park

The bone sharked from the socket unfelt
the eyes plucked the genitals moused away
the dawn unseen the dark unseen the girls' faces
unseen in the tender sea and the delicate cornflower
day

2

Long is the wave and long the star's light
Long is the wind in the darkening of the night
Far is my love and far the burning day
that brings me landfall in her sanctuary

Sharp is the sea and watchful is the shark
Bright falls the missile from the echoing dark
Lean is my heart and far the burning day
that brings me landfall in her sanctuary

3

Bury his brown hands in the sweet rainfall
Bury the look he had from the girl that was quick
and slim
Bury him with Taps played at the proper interval
but bury him

Bury him in the mottled cloth without a psalm
Bury him according to regulations, on the rim
of the sands he took, under the frond of palm
But bury him

4

I talked to the man in the head
He said there was little to be said
The ship was crank
and the Old Man drank
He said there was little to be said

I talked to the man in the shack
He said he had been there and back
The landfall was green
and they had a dusky queen
He said he had been there and back

I talked to the man at the wheel
He said it was a rugged deal
The tracer was red
and it hit you where you bled
He said it was a rugged deal

I talked to the man in the mess
He complained about his loneliness
The girls he had seen
were few and far between
He complained about his loneliness

I talked to the man at the gun
He said it would be fight or run
He disliked to fight
in the middle of the night
but he said it would be fight or run

I talked to the man in the hawse
He feared neither God nor laws
He said he had a notion
to drink the bloody ocean
He feared neither God nor laws

5

Death, I said, I saw his face
at noonday passing by St. Paul's
The foulard ties we wore
were not for funerals

I saw his face in the lagoon
the afternoon the letter came
He was for children and whisky and flowers
I could believe the name

I read it twice before
or anything warm His name was Tim
Warm heart, go find your rest
Death, be good to him

6

In a far country I sang your passion
The sea curved under, the land lipped wide
The smoke of the hurricane boomed on the
mountain
I bowed my head in the sand and cried

The exiled ones wore green clothing
They came and told me I could not stay
The sea broke and rumbled in thunder
I stood and spoke to you far away

VINCENT MC HUGH

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Washington Notes

What the Tariff Fight Means

THE BIGGEST TARIFF FIGHT since the McKinley tariff of 1890 is about to begin. It is the most important, too, because it will create the pattern of postwar trade. It will decide whether America is going to live up to her responsibility to the rest of the world on the economic side. And it will decide whether she is adult enough to realize where her own self-interest lies as the greatest creditor nation.

This is going to be a real battle. The rival forces are mobilizing now. It comes, as it should, on the eve of the San Francisco Conference and it will continue during part of it. This is appropriate, because the decision on American tariff policy will vitally affect San Francisco. The nations there have a right to know what America is going to do on tariffs. There is no use making a pretense that political internationalism can be carried on by Uncle Sam's right hand while he practises economic isolationism with his left.

The Administration has run out of bargaining power under the Hull reciprocal-trade pacts, now 11 years old. The act expires, unless renewed, June 12, and the Administration is boldly asking authority to continue it, plus the added power to cut in half the tariffs existing on January 1, 1945. The NAM *News* already hints that this is a campaign "by some government economists for the complete elimination of protective tariffs." The opponents of the tariff reduction, it explains, are "expected to seek the support of organized labor, at least in industries which would be hardest hit by tariff reductions."

A tariff battle is never a pretty sight. All the interested parties start rolling logs together; the farmers are promised tariff "protection"; workers are scared with the bogey of "Oriental labor." The Payne-Aldrich tariff was almost too much even for Senator Lodge, who said he had never seen so much "ruthless selfishness"; the incredible Smoot-Hawley tariff brought retaliatory acts by 25 countries in the first two years after passage. Now in this case, Charles P. Taft, of the State Department, calls the trade-agreements renewal program "perhaps the most essential part of the economic program, without which the new world organization would start its life vitally handicapped."

Half a dozen major international matters are before Congress now or will shortly arrive—Bretton Woods, the Mexican water treaty, the oil treaty, tariffs, the new world food organization, the proposed world-trade conference. And this tariff matter is one of the most far-reaching.

American businessmen are talking enthusiastically about "a $10-billion-a-year export business after the war," as the *Wall Street Journal* puts it. The admirable management-labor code, signed by Murray, Green and Eric Johnston here on March 28, stresses the common desire for "a vastly increased foreign trade" to make postwar jobs. But little is being written on how foreign nations, which are supposed to import our goods, are to pay for them. Obviously they won't buy if they can't sell. The United States has every long-run interest in making it possible for them to sell. The economic see-saw has finally and decisively tipped down and this country has changed from a debtor to a creditor nation. We shall be a creditor country for keeps. Three hundred years of contrary tradition must be readjusted to this tremendous fact. Taking goods from abroad gives us more value for our domestic wages and salaries, helps our exports and keeps our immense foreign investments safe and the world at peace. But there will be plenty of interested parties who won't see it that way and they will be on hand when the House Ways and Means Committee starts hearings next week on the Doughton trade-pact-extension bill.

The trouble with a column is, one so frequently deals with symptoms and only rarely gets down to the heart of the trouble. I have been covering Washington some 20 years, and am increasingly persuaded that the real trouble with our federal government is the way it is composed, the institutional antagonism set up between the executive and legislative. This sounds pretty academic, but the fact is that more than 100 bills for congressional reform have been introduced in the past four years, the last Congress discussed it on 40 separate occasions, and there is a special committee to "streamline" Congress now holding hearings. The issue involved, however, is bigger than Congress. After this war America proposes two tremendous goals—to assure full employment at home and peace abroad. Many people who have watched Washington function shake their heads in discouragement. It just doesn't seem possible to get these things under the present set-up. Twice in the past generation, under Wilson in 1918 and Hoover in 1930, the government came to an absolute stalemate in a time of crisis. We had to wait for an election to start going again, and in this era of faster tempos, such delays are dangerous.

Thomas K. Finletter in his book, *Can Representative Government Do the Job?* (reviewed on page 531 of this issue), shows the unsteady, periodic cycle by which a "strong" President, generally in war, historically alternates with an orthodox, negative President under jealous congressional domination. The shift to such a negative era, many observers here think, is just about due. This curious, inefficient two-cycle system is the result of the rigid separation of powers under the Constitution, in contrast to the parliamentary system. Some institutional means must be found for a better working arrangement between President and Congress. Congress is jealous because it realizes power is slipping out of its hands; it periodically revolts, and takes it back again. Without Congress we should be a dictatorship. Our problem is to combine a strong executive with legislative supremacy; other democracies have solved it.

Notes.—Land-value inflation started in the winter of 1941-'42 and now badly worries Administration planners; farm-land prices rose 14 percent last year, are now increasing one percent a month. . . . Walter Lippmann received a cabled promise from Soviet *Pravda* to publish his reply to their attack; he waited a week for it to appear (it still may) then gave it to the Associated Press. . . . Supreme Court decisions are becoming more tangled: in 10 decisions handed down recently there were eight dissents, plus supplementary opinions, and there were three 5-4 splits; Roberts finds himself in disagreement with the majority most often. . . . William L. Batt may be our next ambassador to Moscow.

Washington T. R. B.

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The Glass Menagerie

The Glass Menagerie, by Tennessee Williams. The Playhouse Theatre, March 31, 1945.

OF ALL OUR ACTORS, certainly of all those who have become known, Miss Laurette Taylor could not be called the most cultured, the most versatile in divers styles, the most gracious-minded, but few would deny that she is the most talented. She is the real and first talent of them all. She has been largely absent from the stage during so many years that her return is an event and everybody knows it. It turns out, in "The Glass Menagerie," to be a triumph as well. So is the role she plays.

Miss Taylor's role in Mr. Williams' play is that of a frowsy, aging woman who lives with her son and daughter, in a flat off a St. Louis alley. It is a far cry from the Deep South, where her girlhood was spent and her memories dwell—and where she has refused the rich planters' sons because she lost her heart to a man who worked for the telephone company and whose smile misled everybody. The daughter is a cripple, too shy and hurt and vague ever to have got through school. She spends her time playing old phonograph records that her father had left behind when he abandoned her mother and went away for good, and collecting glass animals—hence the title of the play. The son is a failure, discontented with his job in the warehouse, vaguely itching to write poetry, and longing to roam the world. The mother worships, nags, scolds and tries to do her best by her children. Finally, when she thinks it is time her daughter got married, she plagues the son into bringing a man home with him; he brings a friend from the warehouse. The visitor, impressed though he is with the daughter, turns out to be in love and engaged.

In the end the son follows his father's example and goes off to make his way over the world. The scheme of "The Glass Menagerie" includes a Narrator, who opens the play and appears between the scenes from time to time. This role is played by the actor who takes the part of the son. The story, as we see it on the stage, all happens in the son's mind long afterward, and in the last narration, a kind of epilogue, we are told in the midst of the years and in far, strange places, wherever he goes, the image of his sister there at home, he can never lose; all things bring her back to him.

What Miss Laurette Taylor does with these matters can be at least partially imagined if you know the quality of her special gift. This, even after seeing the play, is almost as impossible to convey with anything like the full, wonderful truth. Hers is naturalistic acting of the most profound, spontaneous, unbroken continuity and moving life. There is an inexplicable rightness, moment by moment, phrase by phrase, endlessly varied in the transitions. Technique, which is always composed of skill and instinct working together, is in this case so overlaid with warmth, tenderness and wit that any analysis is completely baffled. Only a trained theatre eye and ear can see what is happening, and then only at times.

But true as all this may be of Miss Taylor, we must not let that blind us to the case of the play itself and of the whole occasion. The play gives every one of the four characters that it presents a glowing, rich opportunity, genuine emotional motivations, a rhythm of situations that are alive, and speech that is fresh, living, abundant and free of stale theatre diction. The author is not awed by the usual sterilities of our playwriting patterns. On the other hand he is too imaginative, genuine, or has too much good taste, to be coy about the free devices on which his play is built.

"The Glass Menagerie" appears to drag, or go slow, at times, though I am not sure about this and certainly found it less so than a number of people I have heard speak of it. These slow places occur in the Narrator portions and sometimes in the scenes between mother and son. In my opinion this may be almost entirely due to the fact that Mr. Eddie Dowling does not let himself go enough to make you believe that he is the son of such a mother or such a father, that he longs to wander, to write poetry—I even forgot to remember what he was working at when he sat before the papers on the table, supposed, however, to be bent on a poem. He speaks his Narrator scenes plainly and serviceably, by which, I think, they are made to seem to be a mistake on the playwright's part, a mistake to include them at all; for they seem extraneous and tiresome in the midst of the play's emotional current. If these speeches were spoken with variety, impulse and intensity, as if the son himself were speaking—which is the case, since the play is a dream within his memory—if they were spoken as if they were from a born wanderer and adventurer, a chip off the old block, wild-headed like his father—and like his mother for that matter, for she too had wandered far from home indeed—the whole thing would be another matter, truly a part of the story.

To say, as Mr. Nichols does in his review in the New York *Times* that there are such unconnected things with the story as "snatches of talk about the war, bits of psychology, occasional moments of rather florid writing" is mistaken indeed. The part Miss Taylor plays is, quite aside from her rendering of it, the best written role that I have seen in a play for years. All the language and all the motifs are free and true; I recognized them inch by inch, and I should know, for I came from the same part of the country, the same locality and life, in fact, that Mr. Williams does. Such a response and attitude as that Mr. Nichols expresses is the kind of thing that helps to tie our theatre down. It is the application of Times Square practical knowledge, the kind of thing that makes the writing, the talk, in "The Late George Apley" so sterile and so little like the Boston it assumes to be. What we need in the theatre is a sense of language, a sense of texture in speech, vibration and impulse in speech. Behind the Southern speech in the mother's part is the echo of great literature, or at least a respect for it. There is the sense in it of her having been born out of a tradition, not out of a box. It has echo and the music of it. The mother's characterization is both appalling and human, cold and loving. No role could be more realistically written than this, but it has the variety, suddenness, passion and freedom, almost unconscious freedom, perhaps, of true realism.

Miss Julie Haydon gave one of the translucent performances of a dreaming, wounded, half-out-of-this-world young girl. Mr. Anthony Ross, as the visitor, for whom the author has written a long and excellent scene, brisk and tender, with the girl, played it finely.

Mr. Jo Mielziner did the complicated setting for "The Glass Menagerie," streets at the side, front room, back room, a wall shutting them off when needed. The scene is effectively ingenious. But even though the story [illegible]

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in a dream and vagueness may be called for, I see no reason why the color should be so dun. I could not make out whether the enlarged picture of the father that was often played up as a dramatic motif in the story, was made from Mr. Dowling's likeness or not. At any rate to do so would be an effective device, a way of commenting on both the son's and the father's running true to the same form.

In the Narrator's opening speech Mr. Williams has provided an excuse for music by saying that the play all happens in the memory and memory always seems to move in music. For "The Glass Menagerie," therefore, Mr. Paul Bowles has written music that runs in and out of the scenes, sometimes for a long interval, sometimes less. It seems to be a special gift of his, this writing music for a play that becomes a part of the play, strangely beautiful and strangely right.

STARK YOUNG.

Piet Mondrian

THE SHOWING of the non-objective paintings of Piet Mondrian (1872-1944) at the Museum of Modern Art seems to me a crucial art event, and from what I have seen of the audiences at the Museum it is getting the kind of blank, cold, unbending, bored or savagely derogatory and snobbish reception only the very best silent films get at the Museum. Mondrian believed that if painting rid itself of all individual or personal reference it could get at a reality that was more fundamental to life, that was all-inclusive rather than merely self-expressive, and timeless rather than tied to the moment. He worked for this reality all his life, and his painting is of such a high order that the difference between an art of the individual and an art of universality is immediately evident. His work is so human and so lacking in tricks or easily produced notes that if it is at all comprehended it will destroy the misconception about abstract art that it is a cold, easily achieved method. These canvases show more clearly than any other modern paintings I know what actual painting expression is, and they make elements like rhythm, dynamic equilibrium and glow, which are hidden, compromised or confused in most realistic art, very obvious. Their clarity and expressiveness should, I think, influence many painters toward an ambition more difficult and more profound. Mondrian's art expanded dramatically at the very end of his life, and his last, unfinished painting, "Victory Boogie Woogie," is of the greatest consequence. It was realizing an expression as multiple in its [illegible] and moods as symphonic music, and indicated the point [illegible] I think the greatest painting of our time, if there is to be any, must aim for.

Mondrian's fundamental aim was to paint the equivalent of what he felt was unchanging and universal in reality, which was a constant living state wherein the elements are as free of individual or particular detail as possible. His "more or less neutral means" are straight bar-like lines that are unconfined to any particular form and cut spaces that are either rectangular or right-angled triangles. His color is mainly the blackest black and the whitest white, with pure red, yellow and blue showing up more and more in his later work. Texture is unvarying throughout, and like a finely brushed plaster. His compositions are structures of relationships rather than structures in which the meaning lies in particular forms. The paintings have a constant vitality that he produced from balancing the forces created, released by contrasts and from the right-angled composition on which all his major paintings is based.

Every point in Mondrian's best paintings (the Museum sells an excellent reproduction of one of these, called "Composition in Black, White and Red," for a quarter) projects a particular kind of deeply moving, very human sensation. For instance, along the inner divisions of his designs there is a constant, piercing glow of light, the feeling of the heavy, cutting edge of the line and of that line cutting itself. Where lines cross, there is a brilliant, irritating pulse of light; inside of division the light is lower, more even and sensuous. The compositions live constantly in a circular process of opening and closing, and at points where lines strike the edge of the canvas there is another double sensation of glow and the rhythmical play which that point sets up with similar points around the edge. Mondrian had the greatest capacity for producing structural unity and he immediately achieved structures that have a strength and [illegible] that seem more in the realm of impressive architecture than in that of painting; their geometry, I think, will make almost any other painting seem to some extent soft and pallid. His designs are adjusted to an amazing point, where nothing is uncomfortable, static, lacking in sensuousness or even mildly ambiguous. At the end he was producing the most brilliant effects by composing color rhythms of varying speeds and varying degrees of power, mood and richness of pattern.

The vitality and beauty of Mondrian's construction never quite compensate for an essential lack of painting quality. His extreme need to simplify and his extreme demands upon simplification took his work to the verge of escaping from painting character, so that the quality of his line and color does not seem indigenous to painting, and lowers the esthetic satisfaction by referring you to some other medium—metal or plaster. In his last paintings, Mondrian was employing color probably more profoundly and complexly than any other artist of his day; but up to this time he had fallen short of being a great colorist. The spectrum colors that he used with black and white give an impression of an approach to them that was still [illegible]. The paintings contain the unpleasant irony that they will in time lose part of their effect through the graying of their main color, white. This relaxes their sparkle and their marvelous equilibrium, a fact Mondrian accepted. The black lines, which he called "oppressive," finally disappeared in the last period, the plasterlike white almost did, and he was beginning to orchestrate color with tremendous effect.

Mondrian repeatedly accused the Cubists, who were his chief influence and whose painting he called "sublime," of not accepting the logical consequences of their discoveries and painting completely abstractly. In some ways, though, Mondrian's art is also tied to concepts that are more appropriate to realistic than to abstract painting. The white areas of his paintings do suggest space in a realistic, unlimited sense, and his line and form suggest an objective world simply free of individual markings. In the old tradition his compositions build up from the bottom of the canvas as though it were a floor, rather than in a purely nonrealistic sense which considers each canvas edge of the [illegible] ing and importance. The treatment of painting surface somewhere between [illegible] and purely [illegible] painting.

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Mondrian "began to paint at an early age" and said he was the only one of his family who remained a painter because he was willing to give up everything to it. He painted constantly for nearly sixty years, working slowly and developing slowly. Some time around the end he said he had had a happy life. MANNY FARBER

The Bandwagon

The White House and the State Department now are involved in anxious conferences to determine how the whole program for international coöperation can be rescued for United States public opinion. Some State Department officials have proposed that a policy of absolute frankness be adopted, but they have been brushed aside. – *Blair Bolles, in* PM.

A princess, who is a great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and her blue-blooded husband fretted tonight because tired [American] tank crews lolled within the rococo opulence of their 300-room palace at Nordkirchen, and they were confined to a fourteen-room suite. – *Special dispatch from Germany to the New York* Herald Tribune.

Hollywood Goes Hollywood

Armond McGill has opened a suite of offices in Hollywood for the purpose of dealing with psychological problems. The establishment is called the Institute of Happiness. – *From the Hollywood* Press-Times.

That All-Out Effort

Bootleggers in this capital of legally dry Oklahoma have promised police they will close up shop on the day of victory in Europe, Captain Walter Acord of the vice bureau says. – *From the Muskogee, Oklahoma,* Times Democrat.

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of the New Republic. *Please enclose the original clipping.* – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Mr. Fry and Russia

SIR: For a long time I've been considering, spasmodically, the question of whether or not I ought to allow my name to continue to appear on the list of contributing editors of the *New Republic*. It is no secret, I'm sure, that I disagree with the paper's policy on many international questions. I suppose this is the reason why you have not asked me to contribute anything for so many months. On the other hand, I've always kept hoping that the policy would change again, so that I could once more honestly endorse it.

I think now that I had better not wait any longer. Although to be listed as a contributing editor does not really imply endorsement of the paper's editorial policy, it is so understood by many people. I am therefore going to ask you to drop my name from the list.

I am prompted to take this step by the leader in the April 2 issue, "On War and Politics." This piece seems to me to be worse than nonsense—a vicious and deliberate distortion of the truth in the manner characteristic of the *Daily Worker*.

To suggest, as the editorial does, that the danger to world peace comes from the small powers; to say that the Polish Government-in-Exile contains many reactionaries, and to blame it, and not Russia, for the present tragic plight of Poland and the Polish people; to berate Britain and the United States for "blatantly misusing their power," and to maintain complete silence about the far more blatant abuses of power of which the Soviet Union is guilty—all this is too much for me. Frankly, it nauseates me. I'm just a simple American, I guess, unaccustomed, as yet, to swallowing, hook, line and sinker, Moscow's peculiar version of events. After reading your editorial I felt as though I wanted to vomit.

I once enjoyed working on the editorial staff of the *New Republic* and considered it an honor to be associated with it. I felt as I completed each week's stint that I had put in one more inning for truth and decency. But that was in the days when, fearing no man, and no power, great or small, the paper dared to condemn the executions of Ehrlich and Alter and raise its voice in protest against *any* injustice, whencever it came.

How far you have traveled since then! Today you do not seem to have the courage even to hint at monstrous and flagrant outrages against justice and equity and common human decency when it is Russia which is guilty of them. Such shameless partisanship with a totalitarian power and such deliberate suppression of the truth is not my idea of liberal journalism—or of any other kind of honest journalism, for that matter. I don't want to be associated with it, even by implication.

I hope that some day the *New Republic* will return to the fearless defense of the truth and to the ways of honor and decency which it once attempted to follow. When it does, I shall be happy to renew my connection with it. Until it does, I must ask you to drop my name from the masthead.

I would appreciate it if you would publish this letter in next week's issue, for the information of readers who may not otherwise notice that I am no longer listed as a contributing editor.

New York City VARIAN FRY

[The editorial to which Mr. Fry refers did not say that "the danger to world peace comes from the small powers." It said that there was an obligation on small powers as well as big ones to follow proper policies: "A genuinely democratic and peaceful country need not fear the intervention of a well intentioned big power. . . . The best guarantee for peace is democracy." It is true that we criticized the Polish Government-in-Exile in London for containing reactionaries. Nearly everyone in the world knows that this is the case. But we also criticized the present Warsaw regime, which we said is "a Russian puppet government which also inspires little confidence." We referred to the "possibly fatal irresponsibility on the part of the Warsaw Poles" and attacked their refusal to permit the return of ex-Premier Mikolajczyk.

The other small nations criticized in our editorial, for whom Mr. Fry's heart bleeds, are the Franco dictatorship in Spain, the Plastiras government in Greece, which is threatening war with Bulgaria, and the Peron government in Argentina. We criticized Russia for what it has done in Poland, Great Britain for what it has done in Greece, and the United States for its failure to press for a democratic solution in Argentina.

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We are just as much opposed to violations of democracy in Russia as is Mr. Fry or anybody else. We have criticized Russia's policies whenever we disagreed with them; we devoted an editorial to such criticism last week, under the title, "Russia and San Francisco." Where we differ from Mr. Fry and the passionate Russia-haters is that we try to see the whole picture. It just is not humanly possible that a nation of 190 million people can be completely wrong and wicked in absolutely every circumstance of all its affairs, at all times. But to Mr. Fry, the whole picture is black; any attempt to report anything else seems to him an attempt to portray it as all a glowing and mystical white. This leads him, and other members of his school, as has often been noted in the past, to ignore the fact that we are in the middle of a war in which Russia is our ally; that statements like his are immediately and gleefully broadcast by the enemy radio; that such influence as he has is therefore exerted on behalf of the wishes of the enemy, not his own country. – THE EDITORS]

The Folk Were There

SIR: Alfred Kazin's slightly supercilious and highly sensitive reaction to mountain folk dancing in the raw ("Have You Seen the Folk?") in the *New Republic* for February 5 is, purportedly as criticism, a questionable approach to the whole pattern of American folkways and something of an injustice to the "folk" themselves. I fear that Mr. Kazin is giving our Mountain Dance and Folk Festival the conventional New York brush-off.

The article is valid in only one respect. Mr. Kazin points out the weakness of all public presentations of living folk culture: the performers *do* react to their surroundings. That may vitiate some of the genuine "folk" atmosphere. On the other hand, the mountaineer is an exhibitionist among his own kind—unabashedly so. And this is his Festival. We mean to keep it that way. Unfortunately, the event last autumn was driven into a civic auditorium from its usual outdoors stand (in a ball park) and postponed until cold weather because of the North Carolina polio epidemic.

Mr. Kazin's critical standards seem to imply that square dancing should be performed in public, if at all, by demonstration teams before a Society of Antiquaries. Ball parks, noisy auditoriums and all, I disagree violently. If Mr. Kazin had stuck out his initiation until the bitter end, he might have been able to see the point.

For what the intelligence may be worth, it is a fact that several years ago the Library of Congress thought enough of this annual event to dispatch Mr. Alan Lomax to Asheville with his sound-recording apparatus to transcribe the old ballads, the dance-callers' voices and the instrumental music of the Festival as genuine folk material worthy of preservation. One of the dance teams, from the Soco Gap, previously had represented the mountain folkways in a performance arranged by the President and Mrs. Roosevelt for the King and Queen of England during their prewar visit to the United States.

Mr. Kazin was obviously bored, and apparently embarrassed, by the antics of one whom he describes as "the m.c. . . . a fat and boisterous little man in a white suit who never stopped laughing and gave the impression that he was a fugitive from his office and family. . . ."

That characterization, of course, would be of Bascom Lamar Lunsford, "folk" himself, and a folk student of parts—even to New York!

Twenty years ago Bascom Lunsford, who taught at one time in a small college and was afterward a country newspaper editor, began to bemoan the gradual disappearance of the old mountain songs and dances. With the sponsorship of local businessmen, he resolved to do something about preserving the folk culture which had become immured in the coves and valleys of the southern Appalachians. He had made a hobby of collecting native material. A hall was hired for him, and here he brought to his Festival the ballad singers and buck dancers whom he had met in his extensive tours. . . .

The "hoopla" dancers are grandsons and grand-daughters of that almost-lost tribe of Anglo-Saxons who lived shut up in their mountains until Horace Kephart discovered them at the turn of the century. With certain modern improvisations (the ever changing pattern), the dances remain much as they were when the southern Appalachians imprisoned a whole people.

If the mountain square dance responds a little more to jive music, if it has acquired "a gelatinous shake," it is a consequence of the impact of outside cultures intruding via the radio and motion pictures.

And why not? For the folkways have lost none of their validity, though perhaps some of their quaintness. For this *is* the mountain square dance, as it is performed on Saturday nights back in the coves and once a year in a ball park filled with other "folk." For this is the credo which Bascom Lunsford and his lieutenants follow with all the quiet stubbornness of the mountaineer: "If it comes naturally from the people, whether new or old, it is a part of their culture; it belongs to their Festival." Whether knowing it or not, Mr. Kazin has disparaged a rather fundamental concept.

The trouble is, this treatment does injury to earnest folk—without the quotation marks. They have built up an institution of which they are proud, and it is becoming a fixture, a living fixture, of mountain folkways.

They were impressed on the night of Mr. Kazin's brief visit by the attendance of "a lady from New York—from New York!" That is not unnatural. There were several there that night from California, studying the mountain dances. But the lady in question was Mrs. Mark W. Clark. There are many mountain boys serving with her husband, the Lieutenant General, in Italy. They write that they would like to see the Mountain Dance and Folk Festival survive. We are doing our best.

Asheville, N. C. DON C. SHOEMAKER

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Doyt B. Hamilton, of Greenfield, Indiana, writes to us commenting on our editorial, "America and Dumbarton Oaks" [March 12]. Mr. Hamilton feels that "understanding and positive coöperation" among the small nations are just as essential as among the big powers, and that the Dumbarton Oaks agreement does not represent much real progress in this line. He believes that those who consider Yalta and Teheran as crimes against the small nations and ultimately against world peace may be "fully as wise as those who . . . sing hosannas to the Holy Trinity every time they come out of the huddle with a new set of signals."

"Enemy Hours," a survey of manpower conditions on the American railroads, has been sent to us by Wellington Rose, of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, Cleveland, Ohio, editor of the report. The conclusion reached is that "if train crews and yardmen were used economically, the major manpower shortages reported by American railroads could be eliminated."

The Rev. James Myers, industrial secretary of the Federal Council of Churches and author of *Do You Know Labor?*, has been chosen to receive the annual award of the Workers' Defense League for "distinguished service on behalf of labor's rights." Dr. Myers, for many years an outstanding champion of labor's democratic rights, will be the first churchman to receive the WDL award.

The Institute of International Education, 2 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City 19, announces a dinner celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary and honoring Dr. Stephen Duggan, founder and director of the Institute. The dinner will be held April 19 at the Roosevelt Hotel, New York City.

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CURRENT EVENTS

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Spring Book Number

The Strategy of Power

THIS IS the most important political pamphlet[1] to come out of this war. It does not deal primarily with the war itself, but with the pay-off: starting with V-Day, it spells out the tactics by which conservative power will frustrate war-bred demands for major reforms.

Mr. Bevan is a fighting left-wing Labor M.P., and he writes about how the Tories will manage Britain. But Britain today is the United States tomorrow. They are in a tighter box over there than we, but their situation is not fundamentally different in kind as they walk ahead of us the road liberal democracy yoked to capitalism must travel. The sustained realism of their power politics affords us a chance to see the kind of thing that is coming here.

We Americans fool ourselves by long habituation with the idea that we are unique, a special case; and this condemns us never to learn from other nations and from broad world trends, but always to rest our case upon American ingenuity in emergencies. We fail to see that mechanical ingenuity and institutional reform are two different things; and our boasted flexibility as regards the first actually narcotizes us as regards the need for the second. So we sit back in our upholstered seats watching fascism on the Continent and Tory tactics in England with the comfortable remoteness of a spectator watching a very foreign movie. The high drama of power politics on the international screen lulls us into forgetting that there is no international power politics that does not begin in power politics at home. What is happening in Britain behind the front of a "coalition government," "democracy" and the "free-enterprise system" is the same power game that is mounting here in the United States.

Mr. Bevan's first chapter describes how the Tories craftily maneuvered to recapture the government after the last war. "The election was rushed while the mood of exaltation following the victory still ran like a heady wine in the veins of the people." The Archbishop of Canterbury blessed the campaign on the day before the Armistice with a call for a fellowship "nobler, worthier, larger" than the class-stratified Britain of 1914. Churchill declaimed that "victory will be absolutely barren" if selfish and class interests are not set aside. The plan called for the coöperation of Labor in the government to accomplish the moral as well as the material defeat of the Socialist alternative to Tory power. And Lloyd George proclaimed the withdrawal of Labor from the government as unthinkable. "There are times," he declared, "when an opposition is essential to good government, but that is when politics are so dull, so unexciting, that but for party no one would take the slightest interest in them. But when you have great gigantic tasks . . . this is the time rather for criticism of experts, not of partisans. Opposition is organized fault finding." "What is our task?" he asked in a speech a week later. "To make Britain a fit country for heroes to live in. . . . There is no time to lose." Speaking to a hostile audience of Dundee workers, Churchill promised to take the railways out of private hands as a beginning of the major reforms in regard to land and industry. He even denied the need that this action on the railways "be delayed until a Royal Commission has wandered about." As Mr. Bevan summarizes the campaign, "From newspaper, pulpit and platform poured a ceaseless bombardment of advice and exhortation, all designed to smother every whisper of criticism and mobilize the people into a uniform mass of Coalition supporters."

The Tory-controlled Coalition swept into power with 533 seats. The Labor Opposition numbered less than 60 members. "The country sat back and waited the redemption of the promises. What they got is on record." Mr. Bevan's second chapter sets forth brilliantly the tactics by which, for instance, the Tories used and abused the Sankey Report to frustrate the workers' vanguard, the coal miners.

But Mr. Bevan's concern with 1918 is only to point to the present:

> The resemblance between the political situation today and that at the end of the last war is extraordinary. . . . Every incident of the pattern of the present day was first gone through in 1918. Nothing is missing. Many of the names even are the same. Mr. Winston Churchill rehearsed his present role in that period, and you will see how well fitted he is to play it in the speeches with which he is trying to obtain the support of Labor in a second great betrayal of the people. For today, as then, the Tories are faced with a crisis. Once more the expectations of the people are awakened. . . . And once more the problem of the Tories is the same—how to ride the crisis . . . cajole and buy time so as once more to snatch a reprieve for wealth and privilege.

The chapter, "Death by Words," is the ablest brief analysis of the verbal art of politics I have ever seen. It deals with the technique of conservatism-on-the-defensive—the technique being employed on the Beveridge reports, on proposals for town and country planning, housing and other reforms:

> [This technique is] how to talk an idea to death; how to drown the idea of a great reform in a cascade of publicity, how to use the modern technique of publicity, not for the purpose of winning support for a principle, but in order to exhaust public interest in it so that people weary of it, and so that mention of it no longer evokes eagerness, hopeful anticipation and enthusiasm.

The delaying tactics of the Tories are traced through their six stages of questions, debate, Commission of Inquiry, down to the "new stalling technique, the White Paper"—all aimed at adding to the number of talking stages in the effort to forestall the fatal final stage of the drafting of a bill. Mr. Bevan describes the process in action in the case of the first Beveridge Report on Social Insurance, in the handling of the Uthwatt Report, and in the timing of the

[1] Why Not Trust the Tories? by "Celticus" (Aneurin Bevan, M.P.) London: Gollancz. 89 pages. Two shillings, sixpence.

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White Paper on "Employment Policy" (called by Lord Woolton "the government's salute to the ex-soldier") to precede immediately the rigors of the opening of the second front in France. With this last goes the reported holding up of the publication of Beveridge's subsequent report on "Full Employment in a Free Society," ostensibly for reasons of paper shortage, but actually in order to enable the government to beat it to the punch with its own evasive White Paper.

The final chapter on "The Mechanism of the Tory Mind" lays bare the psychology and the double code of morals of a class whose traditions "predate the rise of modern democracy" and who look upon public affairs as "a sphere of interest, not of morals." Mr. Bevan sees this amoral conservative power again laying its plans today to exploit the moment of weary popular relaxation at war's end:

> This is the moment the watchful political Tory has been waiting for. . . . It is in these circumstances and against this background that the Tory starts a Freedom campaign. "Away with all government controls," he cries, knowing that it will find an echo in almost every home. This is the moment which reveals the profound cynicism of the Tory. Suddenly, overnight, the friend of Franco, Mussolini and Hitler becomes the champion of freedom. He starts a parliamentary committee to examine all regulations and orders made by the government, on the ground that they mean dictatorship by the state bureaucracy.

Meanwhile representative government goes through its frustrated routine:

> Parliament debates unemployment when at the same time the instruments of employment are left in private hands. In short, responsibility rests with the people and power with private property. Parliament washes in public the linen which property dirties in private. It is a division of labor ultimately fatal to representative democratic government. It makes the public representative the scapegoat for the bandits of industry and finance, over whose actions he is denied effective control. Parliament is the professional public mourner for private economic crimes. This divorcement of parliamentary discussion from action brings discussion itself into contempt.

Where is there American political writing comparable to this in brilliance and incisiveness? Lacking our own pamphleteers, we must borrow fire from Britain. For "the Tory mind" is substantially identical wherever capitalism fights to prolong its tenure. One needs but translate "Tory" as "NAM Republican" to fit the aims and tactics Mr. Bevan describes to our own increasingly skillfully manipulated United States.

The central blind spot of the liberal is his misjudgment of the dynamics of organized power in capitalist society. He has no ideology to cope realistically with it. This renders him endlessly gullible as he adds up social legislation into "progress." Fascinated by movement on his own side, he fails to observe the counter-moves in the conservative camp. Big-business power, despite and because of its setbacks since 1929, is today better organized and more aroused and formidable than ever before. It knows its danger, and both in Britain and America it does not intend to lose. If labor and liberals "trust the Tories" now, they will bring down the shaky house of democracy about their heads.

ROBERT S. LYND

Whole Meaning or Doodle

Rains (Pluies), by St. John Perse. The French poem with an English translation by Denis Devlin. Sewanee, Tenn.: The Sewanee Review. 26 pages. $2.50.
A Masque of Reason, by Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 21 pages. $2.
A World within a War, by Herbert Read. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 44 pages. $2.
The Sphere of Glass, by John Lehmann. London: The Hogarth Press. 31 pages. Three shillings, sixpence.
That's All That Matters, by Oscar Williams. New York: The Creative Age Press. 95 pages. $2.

TO MANY POETS, or even writers of verse, sooner or later comes the discovery that there are two methods of procedure which are open to the poet; and which may become, one or the other, or both together, habitual to him. The first of these might be called the procedure by *whole meaning*: like Mr. Eliot, the poet finds his beginning in his end: his idea or theme or meaning lies complete before him, complete even to the overtones and undertones, in advance of his putting a single word on paper. What remains for him to do is to explore the logical implications of the theme, and the feeling-tone with which or from which it starts; and this is of course the actual writing of the poem. During this, with its unforeseeable adventures to right or left, he maintains a strict liaison with the strong outline of the theme, and, only in closest accordance with that, rejects or selects from among the insistent offerings of conscious and unconscious alike. The other method of procedure, and on the whole the commoner, because easier, might be called the procedure by "doodle" meaning: the idea or theme or, more often, the image-plus-feeling, with which the poet starts, is the opposite of complete, for it is without beginning or end, offers no dynamic frame. Perhaps it could, with a little thought, be given one; but for whatever reasons, the poet takes the line of least resistance, and, like a chain-smoker, proceeds from one associational smoke-ring to another. It is a sort of poetic recital of the alphabet: the poem goes straight onward and outward, always farther from its starting point, and must depend entirely for its effect on its incidental brilliance; for even if brought round on itself at the end by some artifice, it remains a string of brightly colored but barely connected a's and b's. The unity is superficial.

This is of course improvisation, and if it can on occasion do quite miraculous things, it must be obvious too that on the whole it can hardly hope to make up in speed for what it lacks in direction. That is why those poets are most fortunate who learn to combine the two methods in one. Under the control of "whole meaning," the sluices of free association can safely be opened, with the result that to the arid power of the one method may be added the more reckless riches of the other. And no finer example of exactly this combination of methods could be found than St. John Perse's *Pluies*, which now comes to us with an English translation by Denis Devlin. For in this magnificent poem, which is at once a kind of litany, or litany of litanies, and an allegorical history of mankind, a history in terms of metaphor, the poet drives his tandem of methods with complete mastery. The *whole meaning*, the history of man in terms

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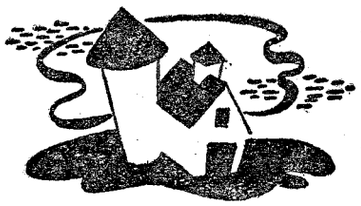

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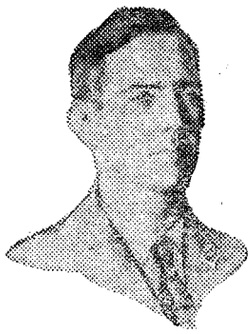

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of rain, or the interpretation of him in terms of rain—rain as the fertilizer, rain as the purifier, even as the principle itself of life and change—gives a majestic centripetal design to the poem, and a tremendous sense of controlled richness, but it is also of such a nature, even more so than in the case of *Anabase*, as to make the utmost possible use of incidental, but directed, improvisation. With the beginning of each of his nine canticles the poet can return, as it were, to his base, his central theme, only then to allow himself, in the long, rich, flexible triads, the dispersed exfoliation of imaginative reference, the sheaves of image and metaphor, which so wonderfully evoke a sense of the many-corridored, many-layered, many-echoed and many-faced past of man. Here too the use of highly affective language, and what at moments seems an almost "blind" symbolism, is precisely what contributes most to the poem's remarkable projection of the racial unconscious: it isn't *about*, it becomes and is, our sad rich dreadful glorious disastrous foul and beautiful history. We emerge with it, shedding and altering; and at the end, after a prayer to rain, it is as if by a ritualistic achieving of self-knowledge we had released ourselves from what is binding or shameful and were now free to go forward again. Surely this is one of the finest poems of the century. Mr. Devlin's translation is on the whole very effective in keeping M. Perse's freshness and vividness of language, and a good deal of the immense variety of movement. Just now and then, however, he appears to have fumbled the meaning a little—excusable enough in translating so dense a symbolism—and now and again a simpler and plainer statement would better have served his purpose.

Robert Frost's new long poem, *A Masque of Reason*, is another example of "whole-meaning" method. Here too the poet has begun with his end, has known in advance every move on the board; but although Mr. Frost starts us off with one of his very happiest openings, and takes us with dexterity to one of his most amusingly inconclusive conclusions, one cannot help feeling that through a good deal of the poem the "whole meaning" goes, unfortunately, a little bare. Dare one whisper, of a poet to whom one so gratefully owes so much, that a little more affectionate and affective care with his blank verse might have prevented its becoming *quite* so—and frequently—unrewardingly blank? It's all great fun, of course, and not too dangerously unorthodox; but there are times when the cracker-barrel wisecrack grates a little, and when the texture and text alike become too thin. Mr. Frost himself once reminded us that good fences make good neighbors—but he himself doesn't much like a wall. Far indeed from the art that conceals art, is this (if we may say it without impertinence) the artlessness that conceals artlessness? But Mr. Frost is no doubt laughing up his sleeve at us, and this remains a most engaging little *jeu d'esprit*, and is not intended, like Hardy's "God's Funeral," to give us a real pause.

Two English poets, Herbert Read and John Lehmann, come to remind us, as they might remind Mr. Frost, of the salutary virtues of discipline and, in its own right, of the shining excellence of form. Does Mr. Read carry his self-purification too far? This is grave, meditative and sensitive verse, and reflects the mind of an intelligent and sincere liberal, but sometimes one feels that it is the work of one who is a poet by determination rather than instinct. Mr. Lehmann, more conventional, and sometimes with a quite disconcerting echo of the "Georgian" convention, nevertheless shows in such poems as "The Sphere of Glass" and "Poems for Two Voices" or "A Death in Hospital" that he is capable of a controlled lyric delicacy of statement, together with a somber power that reminds us just a little of Wilfred Owen. These poems are contemporary English poetry at its conservative best.

And lastly, to show us how "whole meaning" can go by the board, comes Mr. Oscar Williams, the *enfant terrible* of American poetry. Mr. Williams' new book contains five or six of his very best and most brilliant things, together with a fascinating exhibit of his very worst. And his worst, one mustn't hesitate to say, are really so appallingly bad and amateurish, and in such atrocious taste, that one is simply staggered by the thought that one poet is capable of the two extremes. Is Mr. Williams perhaps, therefore, our sad example of what can happen when a completely free rein is given to improvisation, with no control of meaning whatever? Not quite: although it is true, on the average, that when Mr. Williams is at his best, which is very fine indeed, it is usually when he *does* start and finish with one idea. No, the trouble is that Mr. Williams tries too often, and without much initial impulse, to apply imaginativeness, or a sort of exaggerative improvisation, *as a principle*: as one would apply an advertising equation, *passim*, and for every purpose. What results is a Baron Munchausen phantasmagoria which is often startling in detail but adds up to very nearly nothing. Mr. Williams, in effect, pulls himself up, or tries to, by his seven-league-bootstraps. They are pretty fine seven-league boots, mind you, and Mr. Williams could go far in them, if he would only make up his mind just where he wanted to go.

CONRAD AIKEN

The PM Mind

Public Journal, by Max Lerner. New York: The Viking Press. 409 pages. $3.

IT IS HARD to remember back to the days when *PM* was only a dream, a dream of a paper that could tell all the truth because free from advertising's fetters. In fact *PM* has turned out to be something else—not a real newspaper at all but a daily journal of opinion, usually worth reading but only as a supplement to papers that carry the news. As for the lofty ideals of objectivity, they have been forgotten: few American papers dare to slant the news as openly and consistently as *PM* does.

From more than four hundred signed editorials written for *PM* in the past two years, Max Lerner has selected approximately one hundred to put between covers. Each was written for its day, and I think the world might have been no worse off if they had all perished as the days perished. But they are creditable examples of a new type of political-personal journalism, and they have some documentary interest. Ever since he emerged from the offices of the *Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences*—erudite and boyish and passionate and jolly—Lerner has been reaching out for larger audiences. Today, as the spokesman-in-chief of this journal of opinion, he helps to shape a not unimportant section of American thinking.

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ganization of an enduring peace. He hates fascism, racial discrimination and brutality. He constantly preaches the importance of jobs, homes and schools for all the people, and he has no patience with those who would let self-interest or inertia stand in the way of these things. In addition to a crusading concern for the welfare of the masses of the people, he has something crusaders sometimes lack—a warm feeling for people as they are. His pieces on movies, fighting, sex and so on are among his best, especially when he tells what he sees and doesn't bother with profound interpretations.

Lerner, in short, is a good liberal in the *PM-Nation-New Republic* sense of the term, and on some levels better than most. Personally I want almost all of the things he wants, but I am not very well satisfied with the liberalism he represents. This does not mean that I am looking down on him from some super-radical height or that I am glaring at him from the reactionary side of the barricades. I certainly do not regard him as a political enemy, and I hope that I can continue to call him a personal friend. But I still say that his position is inadequate.

Perhaps I can make my meaning clear by analyzing his comment on Arthur Koestler's "Knights in Rusty Armor." Lerner makes four points against Koestler: his emphasis on the weakness of the liberals gives comfort to the reactionaries; he is weary; he disregards the victories liberalism has won; he ignores Russia. Each of these points, it seems to me, exhibits a characteristic of *PM* liberalism.

So far as encouragement to the reactionaries is concerned, I feel that this is a small price to pay for clarification of thought on the Left, but Lerner does not agree. This preoccupation with the effect rather than the truth of an argument has become increasingly common in liberal circles, and Lerner displays it in many forms. If Protestant clergymen object to the indiscriminate bombing of German cities, he suggests that they are helping Hitler. If Catholic bishops criticize the Moscow pact, he is shocked at the unfriendly treatment of an Ally. Moreover, he practises what he preaches: his reticence on the subject of the cruder aspects of Soviet foreign policy approaches disingenuousness, and many of his comments on Roosevelt are less than outspoken. I will not insist that a man must pour out all his suspicions and surmises at any given moment, but the habit of candor is a healthy one, and I cannot have complete confidence in a journalist who is always worrying about his own political commitments and about the heresies of others.

Russia, as I have said, is the subject on which Lerner is most frequently reticent, and of course Russia is the great touchstone for *PM* liberals. Koestler, as Lerner well knows, does not ignore Russia, but he fails to achieve Lerner's conviction that all is well with the USSR. "Russia," says Lerner, "has broken what used to be the last bastion of the primitives—the myth that socialism is against human nature and that no collectivist society will work." But this is exactly what Koestler and some of the rest of us wonder about. Is what exists in Russia what we meant and mean by socialism? Is this the only kind of collectivism that will work? Is what has been gained worth the price that has been paid? These are serious questions, and Koestler has pondered them for a long time. I doubt if Lerner has recently pondered these or any other fundamental questions about Russia; on that subject his mind snapped shut some time back.

Lerner's third indictment of Koestler is that he fails to recognize that the liberals have already won many battles. Now Lerner himself is rather fond of such phrases as "a harsh and unlovely political world," "these dreary days on the home front," "a rickety, jerry-built structure of political morality." He has moments when he feels that man is "still a savage playing with destructive machines," and not long ago he was announcing that "America is today more reactionary in its prevailing mood than any country where the fascists are not openly in power." But let anyone else express a pessimistic note, and Lerner has a ruler raised to slap him. Indeed, Lerner points out evils and dangers only with the purpose of frightening the faithful into renewed struggle. And that is the basis of his quarrel with Koestler, who asks liberals to think instead of exhorting them to fight.

The difference is temperamental. Koestler is not "tired and slightly pathetic," as Lerner says, but he does want to think about where he is going before he starts. Lerner, on the other hand, not only has to be sure of what he himself wants; he insists that everybody else must be sure. He can admit doubts, but they must be resolved before the end of the article. "For all the black specks on the horizon," he shouts at Koestler, "the world is on the march." We must regain a "passionate intensity," he cries, and he is going to be passionately intense or die in the attempt. "Hundreds of millions of men," he insists, "today are marching toward freedom." And if you say, "Well, yes and no," or if you ask, "But are they going to get there?" he calls you tired and pathetic.

Lerner's aims are generous, and his enthusiasm is often a fine thing to see, but I cannot down my reservations. In his eagerness to act, he has committed himself not only to propositions, but also to men and systems and institutions. He does not speak freely and, what is more, he does not probe deeply. He writes, for instance, with great cheerfulness about revolutionary movements in Europe, never taking into account the peculiar complications that are introduced by the special loyalties of the Communists. And he talks about the fear of anarchy on the Continent as if it were merely a bogeyman invented by reactionaries. His function as a commentator, he says, is to "mediate between the present moment and the long view." We cannot be surprised if his long view is clouded—whose isn't?—but we have a right to ask him to be a little clearer about the present moment.

One of the pieces is about Thoreau, and it says, "What America needs most is a still, small voice." Now what Max Lerner isn't is a still, small voice. And though I can understand his admiration for Thoreau's "Plea for Captain John Brown," I think he would have found Thoreau in most of his moods a pretty annoying fellow. Thoreau wasn't moved to address his fellow citizens five or six times a week. In fact, it was only on rare occasions that he felt it to be his duty to speak up. The rest of the time he was concerned, as he said of his stay at Walden Pond, "to transact some private business with the fewest obstacles," and so when he did speak up, he had something to say. I am not suggesting that Lerner could or should become a second Thoreau, and I wouldn't have brought the matter up if he hadn't done so first, but if he does want to be "a quiet voice to cut through the Lilliputian thongs that tie us down," he might consider the sources of the authority with which Thoreau spoke.

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Joyce's Eire

Stephen Hero, by James Joyce. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 234 pages. $3.50.

IN RECENT DUBLIN, that proud, gray, garrulous capital of a land sunk in the puritan melancholia of spirit least suitable to the exuberant, unquenchable quality of the Celtic temperament, there has been a sort of sad determination to put James Joyce in his place. It has been the decided tendency of a city justly proud of its cultural tradition, and also of its cynicism, to hint slyly that the author of *Ulysses, Dubliners* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* was an earnest, determined and worthy fellow who merely happened to be ridiculously overrated. In the year beginning in the summer of 1942 and ending in that of 1943, when I was occupied with American wartime matters in fascinating and exasperating neutral Eire, this scorn grew increasingly interesting to me, since every month made it additionally clear that Joyce and Dublin had become inseparable.

In a small way that deprecation had a strangely characteristic Irish cause. It seems a determined trait of the current Gaelic soul that, amid its warmth and heartiness, it should be gaily contemptuous of the equally warm and hearty souls about it. The manifestation is, not to speak exactly ill of your neighbor, but to be merrily ironical about him. It reaches its epitome in the frequent belief that it dismisses a man for all time when you say: "Him? Why, I knew him when he was that high!" It all makes for a delightful malice, but it tends to result in an unreliable sort of criticism.

In the case of Joyce, of course, the disapproval goes deeper than that. It is based on a defense mechanism which anyone interested in Ireland will find important to watch, and it is because I am deeply concerned with the course of one of the world's most fascinating lands that, in writing about *Stephen Hero*, the first draft of the great *A Portrait of the Artist*, I am preoccupied, first, with the light it has to throw on the Dublin of today, and only second with its important literary relationship with one of the classics of our time. For *Stephen Hero*, whatever its other qualities, is additional evidence that Joyce, even in the early days of the century, was a desperately accurate prophet of the Eire of De Valera, neutrality and Catholic puritanism.

Since *Stephen Hero* is less concentrated and more detailed than it became as *A Portrait of the Artist*, there is room in it for a fuller account of life among the undergraduates of Dublin, and it emerges with *Dubliners* and *Ulysses* as, among other things, a superb report on the moral, social and intellectual state of Ireland in the days before the Sinn Fein Revolution. It is impressive, although not a little disturbing to well wishers of Eire, to note how the patterns of that time continue in De Valera's day. To a shocking degree the grim, dour puritanism of De Valera has descended upon the land he dominates and, because of the forcefulness of his character and the strength of his hold upon the people, it sometimes seemed to one stationed in Dublin that the prevailing intellectual gloom of Ireland was merely the mark that he had left upon it. *Stephen Hero* serves as a valuable reminder that the signs of stagnation were there before Dev.

One of the great virtues of Catholicism has always seemed that it abjured puritanism and recognized and cherished joy and beauty in life. In Ireland, however, Catholicism and puritanism have a way of becoming stanch allies, combining in an entente that is both bleak and oppressive. No one saw more clearly than Joyce the quality and the fruits of this alliance, and the dialogues between Stephen and his teachers and classmates about art and life and religion could just as well take place in the university circles of Dublin today as in the pre-revolutionary times when Stephen Daedalus was an undergraduate. It is more, however, than the intellectual or, perhaps, anti-intellectual mood of the period that Joyce captured. The very air and smell and feel of one of the most interesting if exasperating cities in the world are there superbly.

Of course, what he set down was only part of the picture. The same people and the same background that Joyce described so devastatingly brought about not only the stubborn, comparatively mediocre Ireland of today, with its narrowness, its fanatical language movement and its social backwardness. They also fought heroically and successfully for their political freedom against a great empire, created some of the greatest drama, fiction and poetry of our time and still make it clear that Ireland, even in her most depressing periods, is a land of beauty, of spirit and of wonder.

From a strictly literary point of view the value of *Stephen Hero* is not the light it throws on the Ireland which has stood aside as a nation while the democratic world writhed in mortal agony, but the relationship that it, a first draft, bears to the masterpiece it was to become. In a particularly fine introduction Theodore Spencer goes into the matter thoroughly and provocatively. It should be enough to say here that *Stephen Hero* is less intense and personal and single-minded, but freer, more detailed and less introspective, than *A Portrait of the Artist*. Its other characters come more fully to life, its dialogue takes on a more reportorial and more dramatic quality than is allowed by the intense preoccupation with self that was to be the finished version.

As Professor Spencer puts it, "Though it is not as carefully planned and concentrated as the *Portrait*, it has a freshness and directness, an accuracy of observation and an economy and sharpness of style that make it, in spite of its occasional immaturities, something to be enjoyed and admired for its own sake." It has, in a conversation between Stephen and the president of the university, a dramatic quality that is extraordinarily effective. Stephen himself becomes a simpler and more likable young man than he was later to seem, although the mark of genius is not on him so clearly. In slightly cruder fashion, all the themes of the finished work emerge in the early version.

The history of this early version still is not altogether clear. Is it true that the author once threw it in the fire and that it was rescued from destruction by Mrs. Joyce? Apparently it will never be known for certain. What is clear, though, is that it is a work of genuine literary importance, not only to students of Joyce, but to anyone interested in modern fiction. It is always in its own right an intensely arresting piece of work that deserves to live. Spencer is right in saying that it is "one of the best descriptions of a growing mind that has ever been written."

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The Puritan Fallacy

Puritanism and Democracy, by Ralph Barton Perry. New York: The Vanguard Press. 688 pages. $5.

DURING THE YEARS that Ralph Barton Perry devoted to the writing of this volume, he must often have regretted the limitations of language that bar a writer from the orchestral technique enjoyed by composers and prevent him from presenting simultaneously a number of varied—and contrasting—motifs.

The "surface" contention of Perry's volume is that puritan and democratic ideals "originated in the prenatal phase of American life and have determined *the whole* of its later development." But no sooner had this statement—sweeping, even if the added emphasis is disregarded—been uttered than a part of the orchestra seizes upon motifs that challenge the "wholeness" of the declaration. Cognizance is at once taken of Anglicans and Catholics, Spaniards and Mexicans, and "the great waves of immigration from central, southern and eastern Europe." Then, as we read on, more subtle challenges rise from the background and the irreconcilability of the puritan and democratic ideals is discovered, or—a thesis of a still more dangerous precision—a certain degree of irreconcilability between them is adverted to. Finally, what seemed at first a majestic stream of puritan ideals is found to be so violent a whirlpool of conflicting currents that the very line between "defeat or culmination" is blurred and the central American idea of tolerance appears simultaneously as an "escape from the difficulties" of puritanism and its "natural expression."

To write an orchestrated history of the main currents in American ideology and a kind of a non-Euclidean theory of American politics in which the two parallels of puritanism and democracy ultimately meet, would have been in itself a major task whose fulfilment should have satisfied the most ambitious author. The volume contains, among other things, such a contrapuntal history and theory of American politics. But it is, essentially, an attempt to put between two covers the methodological scruples of a first-rate philosopher, the political credo of a liberal American and the great style of a poet in love with his country; in short, to combine, in one volume, the technique of Henry Adams with those of Tom Paine and Russell Davenport.

Only rarely have such attempts been successful. And Perry may have missed—as this reviewer thinks he has—his chance of giving modern America its great historic monument just because he happened to have selected a central theme, puritanism, that has too many false notes in itself to become the *leitmotif* of a hymn to America. Be this as it may, the attempted reconciliation of history and action has conditioned the shape of the work. The historian Perry certainly needed to go no further than to submit "in a spirit of dull sobriety" that puritanism and democracy, being "a complex set of complex ideas," were in some respects morally true and in other respects false. But the citizen and political philosopher has set himself the task of formulating the ideals for which America is fighting today and answering the question, "For what should America intervene? What was that Americanism, other than bodily lives and possessions, which was worth defending?"

An assumption, not otherwise justified, underlies this question. It is that the ideal for which America has intervened must be "Americanism," whatever this may mean, and not just Progress, or Freedom, or simply Justice. It is not enough that a noble ideal be put before the eyes of the people. They must be convinced that the ideal is *their* peculiar "historic creed." Only thus will the statement of ideals be accepted with that "degree of conviction and unanimity" that will make victory in peace and war possible. Hence the necessity for "identifying the American cause with the American Tradition." Perry says that this was the purpose that inspired the writing of his book. This, it may be added, is also the crux of the difficulties with which the author heroically struggles throughout its 700 pages: the difficulty of reconciling the critical and uncompromising honesty of a historian with the enthusiastic and uncompromising idealism of a forward-looking man; the difficulty of proving that *we* should believe in what the puritans believed, or that *they* believed in what are our ideals today.

Puritanism and Democracy is a pragmatic book with, in a certain sense, an avowedly rhetorical function. It aims at the creation of a powerful belief in the future of America firmly rooted in the acceptance of the American past. Not unlike Bernard De Voto, Perry thinks that the not-only-literary fallacy of the early decades of this century was guilty of undermining the cardinal principles of American life. And just as DeVoto fails to realize that the American revival with which he triumphantly confronts the guilty writers of the twenties would have been impossible without the movement promoted by their scathing criticism, Perry does not recognize that "doubt and disillusionment" were not a denial of American potentialities but, whatever the language of the complaints, a moral rebellion against the oppression of everyday pettiness and misery. And this, no less than rebellion to political tyrants, is—in Jefferson's words, chosen as the book's motto—obedience to God. The present formulation of American ideals on the high level on which Perry places them would have been impossible if the twenties had declared themselves satisfied with the "meal in the firkin, the milk in the pan." The rebellious and desperate writers of doom are treated now as false prophets only because their warnings, like those of Jonah, were heeded by the country.

But unlike DeVoto, Perry does not make things easy for himself and does not simplify history for his purposes. All the material needed to show the impossibility of elevating puritanism to the dignity of a symbol and banner of modern America can be found in the book itself. How to reconcile the ideal of the pursuit of happiness with the puritan's "haunting fear that someone, somewhere, may be happy"? Perry says that "a society of puritans was essentially intolerant." Will the statement that puritanism lost the battle against the spirit of the new age because "it could not resist an opposition with which it had so deep a kinship" be sufficient to justify, in the eyes of the average American, the elevation of puritanism to a historic American creed? How wise would it be to elevate to a national symbol a persuasion that "compromised God's humanity to man and thereby ... countenanced man's inhumanity to man"? John Cotton asked, "If the people be governors, who shall be governed?" and the New England theocracy "with its doctrinal bigotry and its clerical oligarchy" was a clear denial of the demo-

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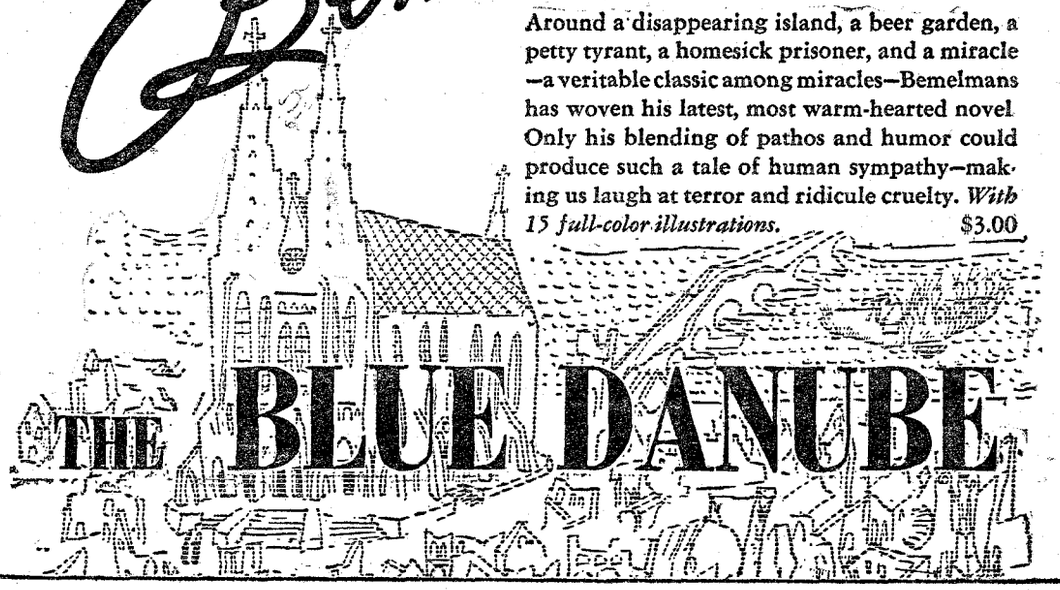

THE BLUE DANUBE

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cratic ideal. Is it enough to invoke the spirit of Turner's frontier to convince the reader that "puritanism and democracy, transposed to the frontier, were confirmed and reconciled"? It may be that Professor Julius Goebel's dismissal of the frontier theory as the *pons asinorum* of American history is too rash, but the power of the frontier borders on logical black magic when it makes Perry assert that the American esteem of businessmen was a form of the frontier's tribute to *manual labor:* "The businessman was one who worked with other people's hands instead of his own. The fundamental scale of esteem remained the same. . . ."!

But when all is said, the book remains a great book, full of learning, wit and elevation. Because—as Perry himself says with fortunate deviation from his purpose of identifying the American ideal with the American tradition—"it is more important that an idea should be an idea, and that it should be true or false, than that anybody should ever have believed it." Free for a moment from ancestrolatric fallacy, Perry points here to the genuine value of his work. This democratic philosophy and the ideals he puts before Americans in a graceful and inspiring form will long guide the thoughtful student of human society. The strongest hope of the world today is in America's ability to be possessed with an idea. But this hope is too precious to be forced into the Procrustean bed of puritanism. Nor, for that matter, should the American idea ever be reduced to any kind of Americanism.

A. H. PEKELIS

Angels of Reason

Angel in the Forest: A Fairy Tale of Two Utopias, by Marguerite Young. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 313 pages. $3.

MARGUERITE YOUNG, a talented young poet whose central image has been the white rat unhappily conditioned in the modern maze, has found a promising juxtaposition of symbols in the two Utopias which converged at New Harmony, Indiana, in the year 1824. One was the celibate spiritual communism (for profit) of the German Father Rapp, "who believed his people to be future angels," and the other was the dictatorial, unprofitable, enlightened socialism of the English Robert Owen, "who believed all men to be machines." One Utopia led to national celibacy, industrial piety, Crystal Palaces, imperialist angels, and possibly to Hitler. The other led to pious progress, celibate science, international angels, Marx and Engels, rocket bombs, Hollywood, and possibly to Hitler. It is difficult, in fact, to keep the two Utopias separate. They seem twin discords of the Absolutism, rational or irrational, which has always plagued mankind: the notion of a static world in time or space, in which static people will arrive at static perfection either in future time or eternal space.

However, while such a poetic crowding together of generalizations, to form insights, may produce a witty paragraph, it is hard to spin a 313-page book out of generalizations alone. And though Miss Young has introduced many particulars—people, facts, the social history of Wellington's England and the contemporary history of New Harmony—insight into the particular seems always to follow, and never to precede, insight into the general. The style operates semi-independently for a few pages, generating an appearance of rich life out of its own verbal resources. But soon the reader is unaccountably fatigued by paradox, parallel, associative cataloguing, qualification, negation; everything should, probably, cancel everything else in a neat equation. Instead, everything is *added* to everything else. A "vacuous baby" cannot simply "stare at the sun, its head a huge mistake of nature"; "perhaps," it must be added, "like every other head." Since so few relationships are indicated, besides addition and negation, the result is not a complex sum of parts but simple confusion: algebra gone mad. Nor is it easy to explain why a single phrase—"with nothing but the bags on their backs"—should after twenty or thirty repetitions become maddening, except that it occurs without rhythm or reason, like a dripping faucet.

To this obtrusive style Miss Young has added much research, but the viewpoint remains that of an eclectic, skeptic student of philosophy. Esthetically she has committed herself, however, to a position somewhere between Shelley and Saroyan. Life, in this view, is a marvelous thing. The people of New Harmony, especially, are always dying, giving birth, making love or getting castrated with remarkable fidelity to Life. As she says, "the extreme of skepticism is the extreme of mysticism"; and again, "it is easier to comprehend eternity than the multitudinous operations of that vaster complexus, the experience of man." And, as she may have added somewhere else, it is easier to embrace all mankind under a microscope than to endure the Gorgonian sight of one man, magnified through the lens of human relations.

When we come to the complex failure of the Owenite experiment, here again is the appearance of rich life: the detailed recreation of social history. All the pertinent facts are given, but to find their pertinent relationships we must turn to the historians. Miss Young seems to have placed every event, not in history, but in the history of philosophy; even people are identified by philosophical tags. William Maclure, when he sold out Utopia for his six percent, was giving up "existential determinism." Robert Owen, his wife, friends, enemies, George III, Andrew Jackson—everybody is described exhaustively and often poetically, but always by the same method: by listing the contents of his mind, with all the relationships, the dynamics, left out. This static view of personality seems similar to Robert Owen's own belief that conduct must be regulated from the head or else it will be ruled by the misguided passions. One of these alternatives *must* be true: otherwise where would you be? In a wilderness of good-and-evil, a relativist jungle, a pluralistic Wasteland. You would be plump in the middle of that vast complexus known as man.

And so, to explain the Owenite failure, the safest thing is to list all the reasons which have ever been adduced for the waywardness of history. These include Human Nature, Original Sin, miseducation, loss of religious faith, capitalism, God, the Devil, the Tragic Fate and the unknowable residue of epistemology. We can deduce, however, even from the initial epigrams that a supernatural faith in reason leads directly, upon disillusionment, to a rational faith in the supernatural. Father Rapp based his reasoning upon spirit voices; Robert Owen lost his reason when he lost his faith in reason, and the spirit voices accompanied him to the grave.

All this is not to imply that every artist necessarily needs a dramatist's sense of character *as process*, expressed

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through dynamic relationships. But it raises the question: how is this distinguished, psychologically, from the dynamic sense of relationship between process and form which poets and philosophers obviously do need? Perhaps it is only when you introduce into a mystic poem or fairy tale incongruous situations, calling for real people, that you get this unusual result, falling somewhere below poetry and somewhere outside history: this indistinct impression of an insubstantial pageant fading. To make the impression vivid, you might need to posit one substantial Caliban before your pageant fades, but no list of parts, however complete, can produce a man, an angel, or even a machine. What *is* a catalogue, really, except

> a teamster from Haubstadt, a Jehovah's Witness, a moron, Old Doc, a geologist with his hat full of flowers, and a man who hated his mother, loved his grandmother, and cried at the mention of little children? What had they argued about but Republicans, Democrats, God, the housing project, the end of the world, Joe Louis, the best bull, the beginning of time, alfalfa, Mr. Willkie's chances—except that the man who loved little children just kept crying into his beer?

MARJORIE FARBER

Revolution and Stability

The French Revolution, by J. M. Thompson. New York: The Oxford University Press. 591 pages. $5.

IMMANUEL KANT, writing under the very nose of a stupid, bigoted and reactionary Prussian king, found the empirical proof for his assumption that humanity is susceptible of progress in the French Revolution and in the sympathetic interest it had aroused in so many lands. Kant fully understood that what happened then across the Rhine was far from being merely the suicide of the eighteenth century. Fountainhead of the revolutionary trends of the nineteenth century, the memories and experiences of the years that followed the fall of the Bastille are still inspiring our own age to an extent not foreseen by those who believed it definitely closed the era of "bourgeois revolutions."

If one compares J. M. Thompson's superbly written and magisterial new work with the British author's earlier writings on the same period, one sees very clearly the impact which today's events have had on the sifting and the presentation of historical evidence. While the book nowhere indulges in half-truth parallels, it never becomes a cold vivisection of history. In the light of present experiences, many an instance in the drama of the French Revolution takes on new significance; but important insights are also gained into the perplexity of our times.

The particularities of French rural society and their economic and political implications have seldom been traced back with so much clarity to the special conditions under which a French yeomanry was born. The social revolution gave to a vast number of small landowners a stake in the country which has kept France fundamentally faithful to the principles of 1789, and created that wide basis of proprietorship upon which French prosperity has rested ever since. On the other hand, the old peasant proprietor who had obtained enough land to make himself independent was likely to carry on the worst traditions of small farming which remained the despair of Ministers of Agriculture throughout the nineteenth century. Also the Jacobins made little attempt to enforce agricultural reforms which they knew to be expedient upon a peasantry stubbornly attached to old-fashioned individualistic methods, so that the countryside benefited less than it might have done from the freeing of the soil.

Thompson contributes interesting new material to the assertion that the French Revolution, carried on by an alliance of the middle and lower classes—"a *mariage de convenance* rather than a love-match"—profited mainly the professional and propertied minority. The ultimate direction of the revolution remained in the hands of the class which began it. Once the feudal rights had been abolished on the night of August 4, the revolution did not even produce a clear-cut class issue before, in the face of bitter economic calamity, the *enragés* came to uphold the claims of the Have-nots against the Haves. In spite of the not too important role which this episode played, one regrets nevertheless that in a fairly voluminous work Thompson does not devote more than two pages to the *enragé* movement which spread from Paris to many a wayside village.

The origins of yet another outstanding feature of nineteenth and twentieth-century France are discovered by Thompson in the days of the French Revolution. The officialism that mars French administration is explained as a reappearance of certain old feudal ideas. At the same time the social revolution of '89, in its reaction against feudal particularism became *étatiste*. The leveling, consolidating effects of the abolition of feudalism made possible, under stress of war, the Jacobin dictatorship and smoothed the way for the two Napoleons as well as for the Vichy regime.

The most revealing parts of Professor Thompson's history are those which show what the war, planned by the Court and the Girondins for the achievement of their own ends, did to the revolution, indeed how it undid half the work of the revolution. Decentralized and decontrolled methods changed gradually to methods that were centralized and controlled (the word *centraliser* was given to the languages of the world by the Jacobin regime); power passed from men who believed in persuasion to those who believed in compulsion. In the trials against Hébertists and Dantonists, described by the author with his rare gift of historical imagination, the prosecutor developed against the "enemies of the state" a philosophy which anticipated views familiar enough to a later age. Hitherto unpublished details are given about the formidable and well organized system of police espionage. When workers petitioned for a rise in wages, Robespierrists denounced them as agents of counter-revolution and used the military requisition of labor as a means of breaking strikes. Yet at the same time, at the frontiers of the country the citizen's army, whose new discipline based on *fraternité* produced a new fighting technique, accomplished wonders.

To the heated debate between the defenders of Danton's hot forcefulness and those of Robespierre's cold efficiency which at times divided French intellectuals—not the historians alone—into hostile camps, the author contributes new historical findings. A comparison of the book under review with his earlier authoritative biography of Robespierre suggests that Thompson's sympathies for Robespierre have rather cooled. Some ten years ago the author thought

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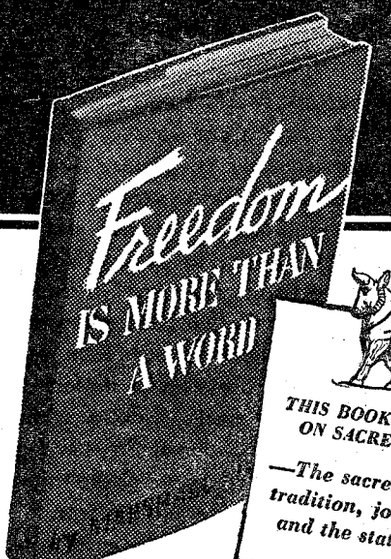

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Robespierre to be a sincere believer in the common people; now he shows that those measures of the Jacobin dictatorship which combined relief with control were born out of fear of the common people. Most interesting statistics on the social incidence of the Terror show that in the months immediately preceding Thermidor fewer aristocrats or dishonest officials and more ordinary citizens of the professional and working classes became the victims of the Tribunal.

From the Chronology of the Revolution which is added as an appendix to the book, it becomes quite clear where Professor Thompson's general preferences lie: the period from the convocation of the States-General to the Battle of Valmy is listed as "the years of liberty" to which "the years of the republic" form a contrast. In his "Practical Preface" (which provides an excellent list of the 50 best books on the Revolution) the author states that his work may bear the trademark of the Oxford tutorial system. It also should bear that of Oxford liberalism at its best. Whether or not one agrees with all of the author's basic assumptions and conclusions, one will admire at almost every page his open-mindedness, his careful weighing of the available facts, the intelligent presentation of previously neglected details and the broad vistas which are newly opened. The very lack of an omnipresent "thesis" is sometimes felt with relief. The general reader as well as the historian will greatly profit from the numerous maps and diagrams which clarify in a surprising way some of the most important social issues.

HENRY W. EHRMANN

Greece in Three Parts

Tell Sparta, by A. C. Sedgwick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 342 pages. $2.50.
The Price of Liberty, by Mikia Pezas. New York: Ives Washburn, Inc. 260 pages. $3.
Apartment in Athens, by Glenway Wescott. New York: Harper and Brothers. 268 pages. $2.50.

IN RECENT MONTHS Americans have had to think about Greece and argue about Greece, painfully, responsibly, ignorantly. For what has the average thoughtful American to go on except inadequate newspaper reports, one or two brief articles in the liberal magazines, and the memories of some casual travel book like Henry Miller's *Colossus of Maroussi*? All we know of ancient Greece simply makes for triteness and rhetoric in considering the country's present state. It is a remarkable experience, then, to be able to read steadily through three books about modern Greece and the war, alert and timely books, written with sympathy, intensity and, in two cases, out of first-hand experience, and to learn from them exactly none of the things one wants to know about modern Greece and the war.

It is as if a cultivated European were to read a thousand pages on the United States in order to learn (1) that we won our independence from Great Britain in a revolution, (2) that our armies are now fighting all over the world, (3) that we have two major parties of which one, in some ill defined way, is more liberal than the other.

Actually these authors are not thinking about a particular complex of political circumstances in a particular country. They are concerned with putting themselves into imaginative relation to the Greek resistance, not to "structure" it for us, but to do something with it in a literary way. So the quality of their books depends entirely on the quality of their individual imaginations.

Alexander Sedgwick has no imagination, and as a result, though he is sincere, experienced, excited, life shrivels under his touch. Greece is seen over the shoulders of ghastly caricatures of foreign correspondents, constantly meeting to no purpose, carrying on wraithy love affairs, and each assigned some political position whose bare bones he rattles vigorously in conversation. Sedgwick makes a good deal of fun of the way his characters write, but since his own writing recalls the later Sinclair Lewis or the Gertie MacDowell chapter in *Ulysses*, the effect is a little confusing. "Both succeeded in holding themselves in," he writes in a love scene, "and both knew they were false to his and her true feelings." There are one or two good scenes in Greece, when memory seems to dominate the fictive impulse, but they are not enough to keep *Tell Sparta* from really doing harm, imaginatively, to what Sedgwick himself honestly values.

The Price of Liberty also minimizes the events which form its background, but with a romantic naïveté that gives the book considerable charm. Pezas was a mining engineer before the war, not concerned with politics. He volunteered at once when the Italians invaded, saw a good deal of action, suffered many hardships, and finally escaped from Greece some time after the German occupation. He describes what happened to him simply and vividly, but always in personal terms. What interests him are the people he meets, and the stories of their lives. The book is full of these stories, obviously heightened, romanticized, pastoralized and filled with coincidences. One remembers from *The Price of Liberty* not the coming of the Germans to Athens, but rather the leper in the cave, Ganymede's love affair and the death of the author's pet blackbird.

Sedgwick and Pezas use fiction to condescend to the reader, to make historical events simpler or more appealing than they actually were. In *Apartment in Athens* Glenway Wescott writes fiction transcendantly, aware that, whatever their ultimate reality, events are known only in individual consciousness, and that social and political developments can be fully understood, fully responded to, fully shared, only as they are related to archetypes, partly unconscious, within the individual. What Wescott is doing imaginatively is so important that we don't mind the failures in surface realism or in information about Greece. But on a higher level the lack of convincing Greekness is still a defect. Wescott is exploring individual consciousnesses that are Greek. Their private aspects are brilliantly done, but they are never sufficiently particularized and substantiated in their social aspects to make their dramatic changes and their final heroic resistance quite graspable.

But *Apartment in Athens* is the best book so far written on the spiritual meaning of German occupation. The cultivated Helianos family with their two strange children have to care in their small apartment for a German officer, also cultivated, but brutal and unstable. It is a story of physical degradation and suffering, which Wescott makes intolerably real, but even more a story of the obsession with Germanness in the minds of the family, and of the complicated changes in their relations to one another that result from their changing relations to the officer. For the subjection of the adult Helianoses to an enemy is also the subjection of

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helpless children to a neurotic parent and the subjection of mankind to a wrathful, inexplicable God.

Both the German and the Greeks knew their struggle was not one of nations or races or even definable ideologies, but of types of consciousness. With the complete domination by the German, the Helianos family knew physical fear, but even more deeply, fear of loss of self. Thinking constantly of this man, fascinated by him as a historical phenomenon even in resisting his ideas, they felt themselves being irrevocably changed, and with great anxiety, for they did not know where that change was taking them, and, compared to German certainties, felt completely uncertain what their changed consciousnesses would mean politically and culturally even if the German were defeated. For Americans, who have not been occupied by the Germans, but have been increasingly obsessed by them, *Apartment in Athens* is a parable, and one that has, on several levels, almost inexhaustible meanings.

ROBERT GORHAM DAVIS

Mozart and His Music

Mozart: His Character, His Work, by Alfred Einstein. New York: The Oxford University Press. 483 pages. $5.

THERE HAVE BEEN, in general, two ways of writing about the great musicians. Marcia Davenport's *Mozart* is an example of the one, the purely biographical method, while the other might be best exemplified if one were to gather all that Tovey ever wrote about Mozart's music into a single volume, though the classic four-volume work of Wyzewa and Saint-Foix, *Wolfgang Amédée Mozart*, will also serve as instance. The first has always seemed to me to be a relatively useless sort of book. True, when the musician is as interesting as Mozart, a character study makes good biographical reading, but it rarely throws much light upon the music. And that is true even when a first-rate mind like W. J. Turner writes about Mozart. Mr. Turner does, indeed, immensely aid one's understanding of Mozart, but his book is still overloaded with biographical detail. And one may say this without subscribing to the view (itself somewhat neurotic) that the creative depths of the musical mind have nothing to do with its experiences of the exterior world. The above doctrine, characteristic of a superbly equipped critic like B. H. Haggin, does very well as a defense against the exaggerated efforts to discover a political significance in musical history. But the really important thing about a man of genius is his art, as self-subsistent art. It is knowledge of music, not knowledge about it, which matters, and which gives refreshment.

But even when exclusive attention is given to the music, there are still two ways of writing about it. One is the Toveyan method, in which long and detailed analyses of individual works are offered. This I feel is infinitely more profitable than the other, which is to survey, either in chronological or categoric order, the entire life work of a man. The latter method, of which Wyzewa and Saint-Foix are the supreme exponents, can give results of inestimable value, though it has seemed to me that their expository ingenuity has often come to the aid of their musical insight. The same is true of such a book as Henri Ghéon's *Promenades avec Mozart*. The method is perhaps at its best

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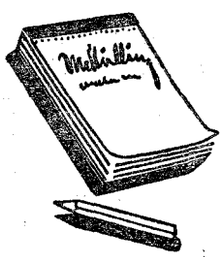

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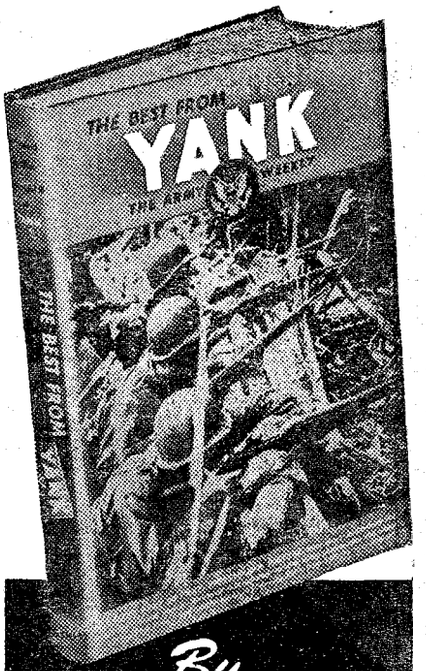

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in C. M. Girdlestone's *Mozart et Ses Concertos pour Piano.*

What I have written above is by way of necessary prelude to a consideration of the present work. It is neither a pure biography nor a Toveyan treatise. The "biographical" part consists of a series of essays on various aspects of the composer's life. They are entitled "The Traveler," "Genius and Human Frailty," "Mozart and the Eternal Feminine," "Catholicism and Freemasonry" and "Patriotism and Education." I do not think it unjust to Dr. Einstein to say that the principal delight of this section will probably be, for the average reader, the copious quotations from Anderson's magnificent three-volume edition of the Mozart *Letters.* These chapters are good in their way, in that they do permit of a selective yet comprehensive view of Mozart's life and character, and particularly of his opinions.

On the musical side there are two parts to the book, the more important of which is the long survey of the works by classes, in which much biographical matter is also given, while the other considers certain aspects of the man's technical address and development as well as his relation to his contemporaries. There is rarely any extensive or profound analysis of individual works, though the author's comment is often clearly based upon an understanding so derived. And sometimes, as when he deals with the operas, his presentation is not only delightful but rich, suggestive and wonderfully sound about a matter concerning which much nonsense has been written (as by Wagner, who, because of his "moral" preoccupations and his incapacity to distinguish between bombast and dignity, actually professed to hear inferior music in "Così Fan Tutte").

Mozart, His Character, His Works, then, is in a certain sense, like Eric Blom's brief study, the consequence of compromise. That is not to say that it is not a very superior book. It is; I have withheld this review long enough to make up my mind, and for that purpose. Dr. Einstein does not write so well as Mr. Turner, but I will hazard the view, not only that this is now the best book on Mozart available in English, but that, for all save specialists, it is more valuable than Wyzewa and Saint-Foix's great work, which in any case is now a collector's item. On the musical side the author's comment is far more copious than the English writer's, and he supports his argument by liberal quotations from score. He is briefer than the Frenchmen and less prone to exaggerated ingenuity. The comparisons are formidable ones and they are not lightly made. If I am wrong I can only say that I have written out of a fairly comprehensive knowledge of both the literature and the musical sources.

Nevertheless, I closed the book with a sense of lack that was due to its election of the method of historical survey. Such an effort must necessarily concern itself with a composer's development. When it deals with such a man as Beethoven, such a survey can tell us much. Applied to a composer like Sibelius it would tell us little about anything except, perhaps, form and orchestration. That there is a very marked development in the music of Mozart cannot be denied. The "gallant" elements of the music rapidly diminish and the romantic and dramatic elements increase, and at last the symphonic abstract begins to dominate. At the same time the melodic wealth, the sensitiveness and richness of the melody itself, becomes greater until in the late clarinet concerto the beauty is almost hectic. The shadows darken

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and are placed in more significant relations, the dynamism is more perfectly absorbed into the texture; and a perfect symphonic synthesis of themes is accomplished. All this is what made one of the Sitwells twitter that it was not altogether a misfortune that Mozart died young, otherwise his art might have become too informed with emotion.

But the defect of the method is that it must pay attention to the whole of the works and their styles and therefore cannot examine in detail the essential loveliness of the developed idiom itself. The pianoforte concerto in C Major, K467, is a superb masterwork. The ceremonial pomp of the first movement offers a superb illustration of Mozart's power to "broaden the domain." But the Andante cannot be dismissed by calling it an "ideal aria." Dr. Einstein would at once protest that only space compels him to grant that music the little attention he does. But one must insist. For me, the essential understanding of Mozart consists in perceiving how within a movement such as this the cantilena *floats* free, or grows free, from what so many have thought the constraining "ceremony" of the classical elements. No one would dare to describe the first 36 measures of this incredible movement in such language, yet when the cantilena begins afresh in bar 37, one feels it as a new and miraculous, yet wholly natural, emergence. And note that every single motif of that passage has repeatedly occurred in Mozart, yet the resultant music is beyond all description lovely, and unique. Generalizing with a certain exaggeration one may regard the so-called "conventional" elements as being justified by the fact that they are generic of these beauties. They "launch" them, as it were. More profoundly, they contain within themselves the very germ of these beautiful growths. The "classic style" is not understood, and is not seen to be the profoundest of styles, until that is grasped. And once this is understood Mozart stands clear as the greatest master of them all.

There are many other aspects of Mozart's art necessarily unconsidered in this book which seem to me to be far more important than a knowledge of its development. Yet, keenly as I feel these lacks, I must still sum up by saying that this is a fine effort, for which one much-limited Mozartian is grateful.

RALPH BATES

Breaking the Deadlock

Can Representative Government Do the Job? by Thomas K. Finletter, with a foreword by Senator Robert F. Wagner. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 179 pages. $2.

TWO YEARS AGO I asked an ex-member of the State Department staff to name all the men he could think of in its higher and middle ranks who, like himself, were sympathetic to the domestic policies of the Roosevelt administration. He was able to name four (three of whom have since resigned) and one of the four was Thomas K. Finletter. The balanced political and economic enlightenment shown in this book therefore should not lead anybody to suppose that it is a typical growth from State Department soil.

Mr. Finletter is intensely devoted to representative government on a democratic basis. The fact that he poses its future adequacy in the form of a question is in itself

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—*Book-of-the-Month Club News*

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something to make people think. His answer is yes, if—. Yes, if representative government gets rid of its structural weaknesses, so that it will have the strength to deal with inescapable new responsibilities.

I feel almost a personal embarrassment in reviewing this book, because it coincides in so many ways with a chapter I wrote some weeks ago for a not-yet-published symposium on what lies ahead in America. It is a striking fact, however, that although Mr. Finletter gives the impression of being more conservative than this reviewer is, he goes farther in calling for changes in the machinery of government. There is nothing really paradoxical in that. The head of a big corporation might go a great deal farther yet, on the basis of his own experience as a business organizer, granted that he was able to see the job that representative government has to do. One of the real values of this book, with its quiet, clear, logical presentation of facts and conclusions, should be its ability to make political conservatives see the need of doing something—and doing it soon—to perpetuate our form of government.

The basic trouble, as Mr. Finletter sees it, is the chronic deadlock between the executive and legislative branches of government—an outgrowth of eighteenth-century devotion to checks and balances. If we drift along, doing nothing to harmonize the two branches, the new responsibilities thrust upon government will cause the people to look to the executive to get things done, and Congress will atrophy. That would be the end of liberty. "If the legislature is free and strong," says this author, "authoritarian rule cannot exist. Without it, there can be no democratic government. Subject only to the sovereign people, the legislature must have the ultimate power in a democracy."

Today, Finletter says, Congress thwarts the President, after a brief honeymoon in each administration, because it has no other way of defending itself against executive power. The need is for new machinery to strengthen Congress by enabling it to work effectively, not against, but with, the President. Finletter would bring this about by reforming the committee system, including the abolition of seniority, by establishing a steering committee of committee chairmen, making it the duty of cabinet officers to speak in Congress, creating a joint executive-legislative cabinet to originate legislation, and giving the President power (which Congress could on occasion virtually force him to use) to dissolve Congress and call a general presidential and congressional election. For this, the terms of President, Senators and Representatives would have to be equalized.

These proposals sound much more radical when summarized in a sentence than when analyzed one at a time, as they are in this book, and viewed in the light of the evils they are meant to deal with. The argument for power to call elections deserves the study of every thoughtful American, whether it is agreed with or not.

If there is any flaw in the analysis of the chronic opposition Congress offers to needed legislation, it is in the conclusion that this is an automatic response to the urge of self-preservation. If that were true, there would be a tendency for progressive congressmen to oppose the measures of a progressive President. On the contrary, those who agree with the President support him, unless deterred by personal pique or outside pressure groups. There just aren't

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enough progressives, and party discipline (as Mr. Finletter makes plain) does not control the others.

Even though the analysis of what is wrong may need to be modified as suggested above, that does not invalidate any of Mr. Finletter's recommendations. It points, rather, to the need of combining government reorganization with a sweeping program of political education. For that to be effective, government must be reshaped. To make responsibility clear is the first step to its enforcement.

Above all—and few can read Mr. Finletter's book without realizing it—reformation of the structure of our government must come if it is to cope with the future and yet remain self government. IRVING BRANT

Mr. Trollope's New Wine

Is He Popinjoy? by Anthony Trollope. London and New York: The Oxford University Press (World's Classics Series). 2 vols; 632 pages. 95 cents each.

ONE OF the pleasantest and most welcome salutes to spring this year is the Oxford University Press's gesture in reprinting a little known and utterly delightful Trollope novel, marking the twenty-seventh book of his to appear in the World's Classics Series. This extremely modern story concerns the married life of Mary Lovelace, daughter of the Dean of Brotherton, and Lord George Germain. Lord George is heir to the title and estate of his elder brother, the Marquis of Brotherton, who, when the story opens, is living in Italy, unmarried and sadly ailing in health. But to the consternation of the Dean—an ornament to the church in spite of his unpopularity in some quarters for being a self-made man—whose crowning wish is to see his daughter the Marchioness of Brotherton, the Marquis announces not only his marriage abroad, but the birth of a son, Popinjoy. The Dean is not the man to take such a bombshell lying down. And in truth the circumstances are confusing, for the Italian lady, mother of Popinjoy, has a husband living; he has become insane some years before and is in an asylum. Since she is a Catholic, can the marriage be valid?—in short, is he Popinjoy? So the Dean bullies his son-in-law into contesting the young heir's legitimacy.

Mary, the apple of her father's eye and wife to Lord George, is one of the Trollope's happiest creations. An only child, motherless almost from infancy, brought up in the Close of Brotherton and married at eighteen, Mary has beauty, kindness, character, good humor and good sense—in fact Trollope has clothed this lamb in steel wool. She isn't a bit interested in the great Popinjoy controversy. All she wants is to be sure she's in love with her husband. She's romantic; he's stiff and inhibited—and furthermore he shows signs of yielding to the wiles of a would-be *femme fatale*, one of Trollope's keenest and funniest portraits.

And there is so much more: The Baroness Banmann, Middle European fighter for women's rights (Henry James may have drawn on that London pre-suffragette meeting in *The Bostonians*); the charming and likable Captain Jack De Baron; the debauched Marquis; Lord George's mother and his three sisters; Farmer Price. If you're looking for a comedy of manners, by an author who knows men and women, here it is. ELIZABETH HULING

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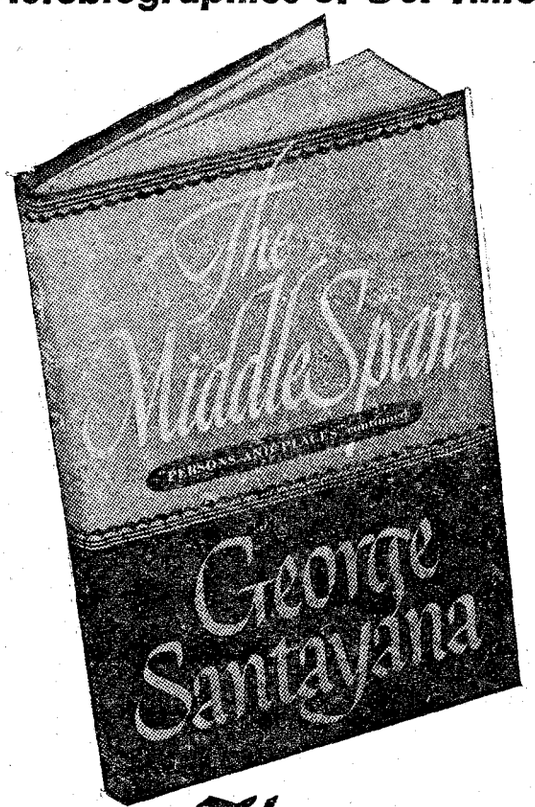

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A Correction

With its issue of February 5 the *New Republic* published a special section, "A Challenge to Progressives," containing a chart compiled by the Union for Democratic Action, giving the margin by which members of Congress had been elected last November. In the case of New Mexico, we gave the margin of victory for Representative Fernandez as 24,000. This was a typographical error; it should have been 14,000.

Contributors

ELLIS ARNALL, the 38-year-old Governor of Georgia, personally pleaded the Southern Governors' Freight-Rate Case before the Supreme Court recently. He also led the legislative forces which this year repealed the Georgia poll tax.

MORRIS LLEWELLYN COOKE is a consulting engineer. He served as vice-chairman of the National Power Policy Commission, and is the author, among other books, of *Brazil on the March*, recently published by Whittlesey House.

LOUIS DOLIVET is the editor of Free World and secretary of the Free World Association.

CHARLES GORDON has practised law in New York City for ten years and has written articles for various publications. He is employed in a government agency.

VINCENT MCHUGH's most recent book is a novel, *I Am Thinking of My Darling*. He writes: "I hope no one will think that any of these verses refer to the Victory I sailed on. She is a great ship and her crew are all my very good friends, nine feet tall and noble to match."

ROBERT S. LYND spent three months in Britain in the summer of 1943 under the OWI and the British Ministry of Information. He is chairman of the department of Sociology in the Columbia Graduate School and is widely known in this country for the two volumes on "Middletown."

CONRAD AIKEN is a Pulitzer Prize winner and the author of many books of verse. His most recent poem, *The Soldier*, was published by New Directions last year.

GRANVILLE HICKS is the author, among other books, of *The Great Tradition* and *Behold Trouble*, a novel, recently published by Macmillan.

RICHARD WATTS JR. headed the Office of War Information in Dublin in 1942-43. He was formerly drama critic of the New York *Herald Tribune*.

A. H. PEKELIS, formerly a professor at the Royal University of Rome and graduate editor-in-chief of the *Columbia Law Review*, is now a member of the Graduate Faculty of the New School for Social Research.

MARJORIE FARBER is at present living in Norfolk, Virginia. She was an assistant editor of the New York *Times* Sunday Book Review last year.

HENRY W. EHRMANN is at work completing a history of the French labor movement between 1936 and 1940.

ROBERT GORHAM DAVIS teaches at Smith College. He has published short stories in *Collier's* and the *New Yorker*, and criticism in the *Antioch Review*, *Partisan Review*, the New York *Times* Sunday Book Review, and elsewhere.

RALPH BATES, the author, among other books, of a biography, *Schubert*, is working on a book on the music of Mozart.

IRVING BRANT was formerly in the Washington Office of the Chicago *Sun*. His most recent book is *Read to Peace and Freedom* and he is now at work on the second volume of *James Madison: The Virginia Revolutionist*, the first volume of which was published in 1941.

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